



SUPERMAN

10

AUG.
NO. 195
10c



ACTION COMICS

Featuring
**"LOIS LANE-
WANTED!"**



IT'S LOIS LANE!
WHAT TERRIBLE
THING HAS
HAPPENED TO
CHANGE HER?

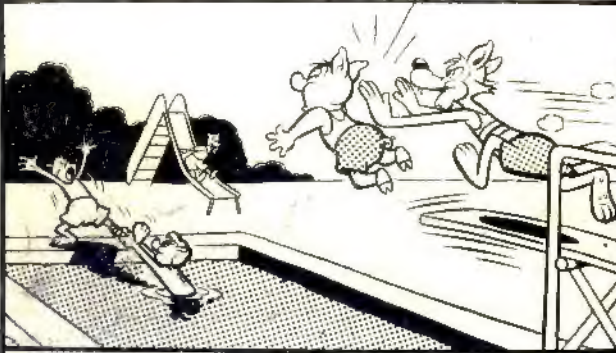
THEY'LL
NEVER TAKE
ME ALIVE!



PETER PORKCHOPS *gives*

TIPS ON SUMMER FUN!

HAVE A GOOD TIME SWIMMING --



BUT REMEMBER ROUGHHOUSING DOESN'T PAY OFF!

COUNTRY DRIVING IS A TREAT --



BUT REMEMBER NOBODY LOVES A "CLUTTERBUG"!

TRY YOUR SKILL AT DIFFERENT SPORTS --



BUT DON'T SPOIL THE GAME BY BEING A POOR SPORT!

GOING TO THE MOVIES IS FUN --



BUT WATCH YOUR MANNERS SO IT'S FUN FOR EVERYONE!

A COLD DRINK IS OKAY --



BUT COOL OFF FIRST AND KEEP HEALTHY SO YOU CAN PLAY MORE!

AND FINALLY, BALANCE YOUR FUN DIET WITH SUMMER READING!



YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE BORED, EVEN ON THE HOTTEST DAYS!

HAVE FUN THIS SUMMER, KIDS!

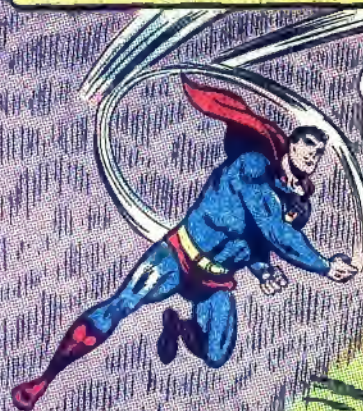


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SUPERMAN

LOIS LANE HAS LONG BEEN KNOWN AS THE PRETTIEST GIRL REPORTER IN METROPOLIS! ALL HER CO-WORKERS AT THE DAILY PLANET LIKE HER -- AND RESPECT HER! SO IT'S QUITE A PROBLEM FOR **SUPERMAN** WHEN LOIS LANE SEEMS TO CHANGE OVERNIGHT INTO A SNARLING, DANGEROUS GUN-WOMAN... WHEN THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER ARE ARRIVED AGAINST HER... AND THE MIGHTY MAN OF STEEL MUST JOIN THE GRIM WOMAN-HUNT FOR...

"LOIS LANE-- WANTED!"



THAT'S CERTAINLY THE MOST UNUSUAL "WANTED" POSTER ANYBODY HAS EVER SEEN!

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ACTION COMICS



IN THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY PLANET, REPORTERS CLARK KENT AND LOIS LANE RECEIVE A NEW ASSIGNMENT FROM EDITOR PERRY WHITE...

WE'VE A TIP THAT THE **TIGER WOMAN** MAY STRIKE AT THE CRESCENT STEEL WORKS TODAY! GET OVER THERE--AND WRITE A STORY IF ANYTHING BREAKS!

RIGHT, CHIEF!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD...

DOLLY--THE **TIGER WOMAN** HAS GOT EVERYBODY WORRIED! SHE'S THE MOST DARING FEMALE BANDIT IN YEARS!

SHE WON'T DARE TRY TO PULL OFF A PAYROLL ROBBERY HERE! THIS PLANT IS TOO WELL GUARDED!



HOWEVER, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, AS A PAYROLL MESSENGER LEAVES THE ACCOUNTING OFFICE...

OKAY, BUDDY! HAND OVER THAT SATCHEL YOU'RE CARRYING!

HUH! SAY--YOU MEN DON'T WORK HERE! YOU'RE...



YOU CATCH ON REAL QUICK, DON'T YA?

THE **TIGER WOMAN'S** PLAN IS WORKING PERFECTLY!



CAN'T CHANGE TO **SUPERMAN** WITHOUT LOIS SEEING ME! I'LL HAVE TO STOP THOSE THUGS AS CLARK KENT!

CALL THE GUARDS, LOIS! QUICKLY!

OH!!



GOT TO BE CAREFUL NOT TO HIT THEM TOO HARD!



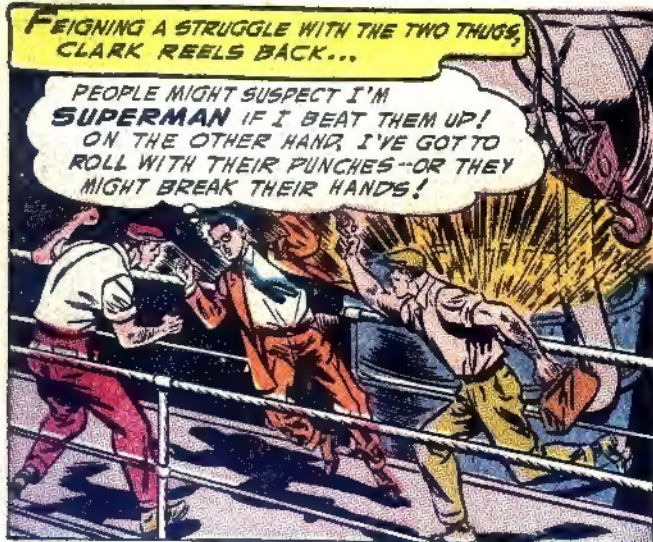


ACTION COMICS

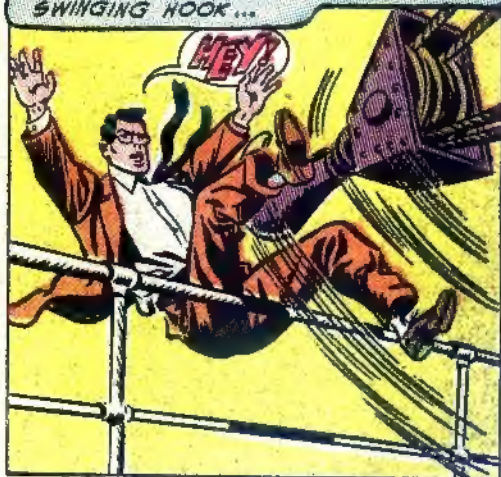


FEIGNING A STRUGGLE WITH THE TWO THUGS, CLARK REELS BACK...

PEOPLE MIGHT SUSPECT I'M **SUPERMAN** IF I BEAT THEM UP! ON THE OTHER HAND, I'VE GOT TO ROLL WITH THEIR PUNCHES--OR THEY MIGHT BREAK THEIR HANDS!



ABRUPTLY, AS CLARK PRETENDS TO STAGGER FROM THE EFFECTS OF A SWINGING HOOK...



LIKE A PLUMMET, CLARK KENT DROPS INTO A VAT OF BOILING METAL...

HE WAS DELAYING US! AND THERE'S NO TIME FOR DELAY! GET MOVING--AND I'LL MEET YOU AT THE HIDEOUT LATER!

TIGER WOMAN. YOU CAUGHT HIM WITH THAT HOOK!

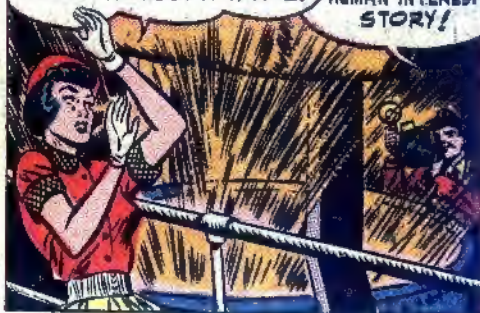
Y-I-E-E!



OTHER WITNESSES SEE CLARK KENT'S FATAL PLUNGE! SHOCKED BEYOND BELIEF, LOIS LANE STARES AT THE HISSING VAT... WHILE FROM BELOW A PHOTOGRAPHER SNAPS HER PICTURE!

CLARK! HE-HE'S GONE! GONE--WITHOUT A TRACE!

WHAT A HUMAN INTEREST STORY!



OH, CLARK... CLARK...



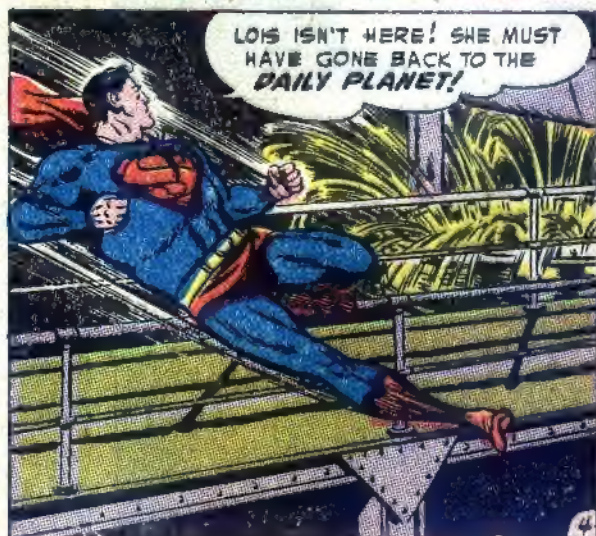
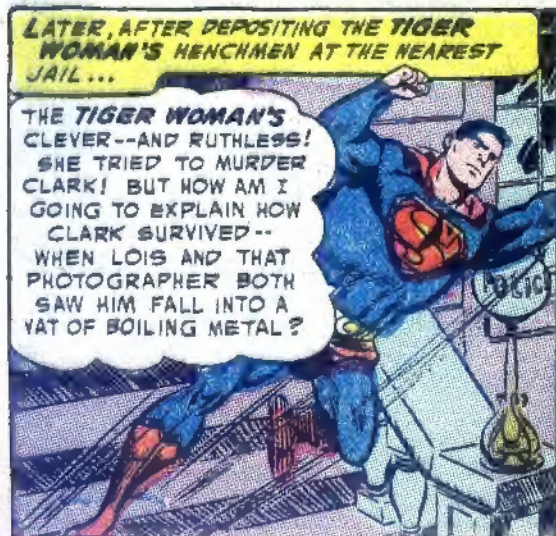
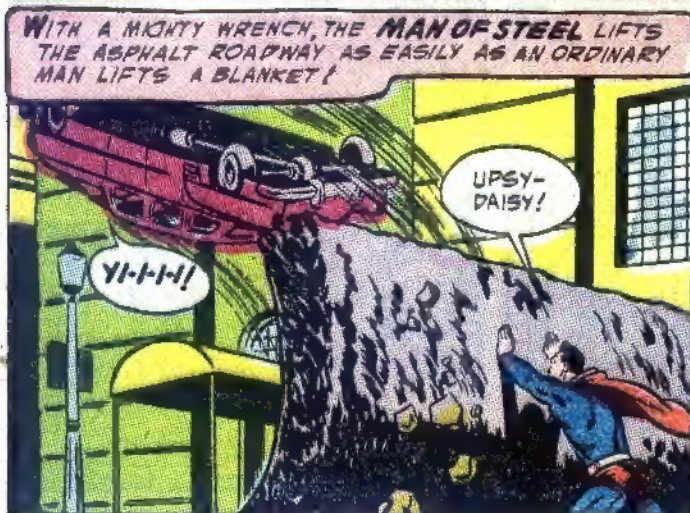
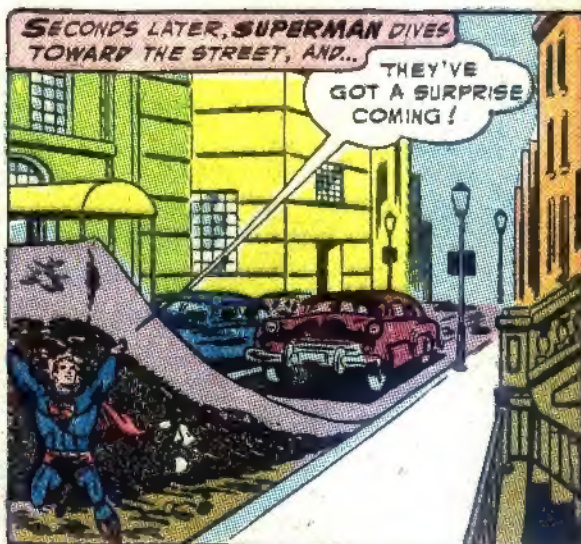
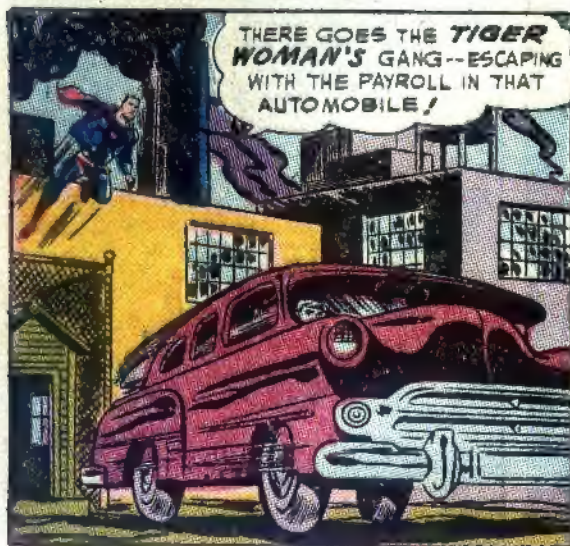
SECONDS AFTERWARD, A HURTLING BLUE FIGURE ZOOMS OUT OF THE FIERY METAL!

CLARK KENT'S CLOTHES DISSOLVED IN AN INSTANT-- BUT IT ONLY FELT LIKE A LUKEWARM BATH TO ME!





ACTION COMICS



BUT LOIS LANE HAS NOT GONE BACK TO THE DAILY PLANET! IN A STATE OF SHOCK, SHE WANDERS THROUGH THE STREETS OF METROPOLIS UNTIL...

WHO AM I?... WHAT AM I DOING HERE? I CAN REMEMBER VAGUELY IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH SOME-ONE BEING KILLED...

EXTR! **TIGER WOMAN KILLS REPORTER!**



HURRIEDLY, LOIS BUYS A NEWSPAPER AND SCANS THE HEADLINES...

THAT'S IT! THERE'S EVEN A PHOTOGRAPH OF ME-- SNAPPED ON THE SCENE WHERE THIS MAN CLARK KENT WAS KILLED! WHY... I MUST BE THE **TIGER WOMAN!**



BEWILDERED, UNABLE TO REMEMBER WHO SHE IS, LOIS ASSUMES THE IDENTITY OF THE FEMALE CRIMINAL SHE THINKS SHE IS...

I MADE THIS EYE-PATCH OUT OF AN OLD PIECE OF BLACK CLOTH! AND-AND NOW I LOOK EXACTLY LIKE THE DESCRIPTION OF THE **TIGER WOMAN!**



NEXT MORNING, AT THE DAILY PLANET...

GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST! STOP ACTING LIKE THE WORLD CAME TO AN END, JIMMY OLSEN! LOIS LANE DIDN'T REPORT FOR WORK TODAY! FIND HER RIGHT AWAY!

Y-YES, SIR, MR. WHITE!

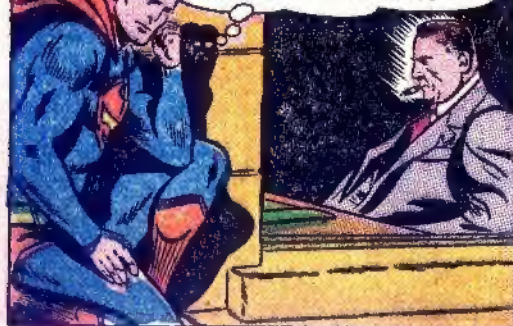


I KNOW HOW JIMMY FEELS! I-I'M GOING TO MISS CLARK TOO! HARRUMPH! I CAN'T LET PEOPLE THINK THAT I-I'M A SOFTIE!



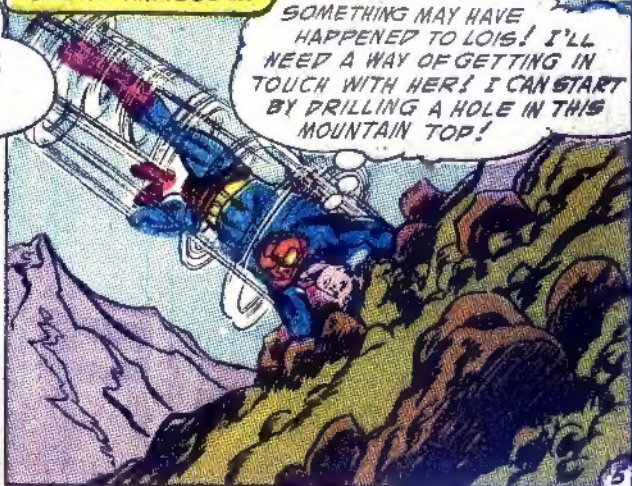
IF PERRY WHITE ONLY KNEW IT, AT THIS VERY MOMENT SUPERMAN (SECRETLY CLARK KENT) HAS BEEN LISTENING NEARBY...

FUNNY--THAT LOIS HASN'T SHOWN UP! I'D BETTER FIND HER! BUT WHEN I DO, I'LL HAVE TO FIGURE OUT AN EXPLANATION FOR HOW CLARK SURVIVED THAT FALL INTO A MOLTEN STEEL VAT!



A SUPER-SWIFT SEARCH OF THE CITY REVEALS NO SIGN OF LOIS, HOWEVER, AND THE MAN OF STEEL GROWS ANXIOUS...

SOMETHING MAY HAVE HAPPENED TO LOIS! I'LL NEED A WAY OF GETTING IN TOUCH WITH HER! I CAN START BY DRILLING A HOLE IN THIS MOUNTAIN TOP!





ACTION COMICS

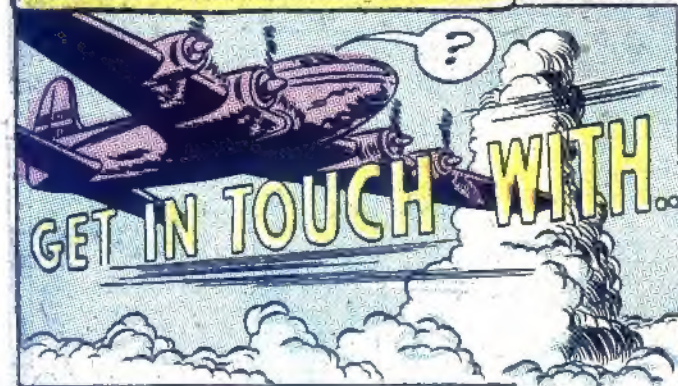


WHIRLING LIKE A SUPER-DRILL, THE MAN OF STEEL CARVES AN EVER-WIDENING HOLE...

THAT SHOULD BE JUST WHAT I NEED! A HUGE NATURAL--
MEGAPHONE!



TRAVELING AT THE SPEED OF SOUND, THE MEGAPHONED MESSAGE GOES FORTH...



GET IN TOUCH WITH...

SHOUTING THROUGH THE NATURAL ROCK AMPLIFIER, SUPERMAN'S VOICE IS PROJECTED THROUGH THE THIN AIR FOUND AT HIGH ALTITUDES...

**CALLING
LOIS
LANE**



DAILY PLANET AT ONCE

MY! WHAT A LOUD VOICE!

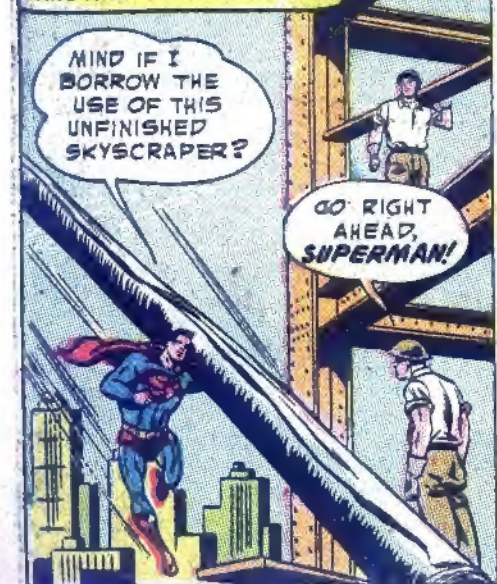
I'VE BEEN STONE DEAF FOR NIGH ON FORTY YEARS--AND EVEN I HEARD IT!



BUT WHEN THERE IS NO REPLY TO HIS BROADCAST PLEA, SUPERMAN TRIES ANOTHER APPROACH...

MIND IF I BORROW THE USE OF THIS UNFINISHED SKYSCRAPER?

GO RIGHT AHEAD, SUPERMAN!



PRESENTLY, THE MAN OF STEEL UNROLLS THE WORLD'S LARGEST WINDOW SHADE!

THIS WOULD MAKE A GREAT ADVERTISING STUNT--BUT IT'S IN DEAD EARNEST! IF LOIS LANE IS ANYWHERE IN METROPOLIS, SHE'S BOUND TO SEE IT!

**LOIS
LANE
WHERE
ARE
YOU?**





ACTION COMICS



BUT THE DAY DRAGS BY WITH NO WORD FROM THE FAMED GIRL REPORTER...

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! LOIS IS TOO GOOD A NEWSPAPER WOMAN NOT TO HAVE REPORTED IN BY NOW -- UNLESS SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HER!

I--I SURE HOPE NOT, MR. WHITE! I SURE HOPE NOT!



OUTSIDE...

PERRY WHITE AND JIMMY OLSEN ARE WORRIED--AND WITH GOOD REASON! EITHER LOIS ISN'T ABLE TO RESPOND TO OUR MESSAGES -- OR SHE ISN'T EVEN IN METROPOLIS! WELL, I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



UP... UP... UP... AND AWAY, INTO OUTER SPACE, ZOOMS THE MAN OF STEEL...

THIS GIANT METEOR HEADED FOR EARTH! ORDINARILY, FRICTION WOULD MELT IT TO NOTHING WHEN IT HIT THE ATMOSPHERE, BUT IT WON'T GO THAT FAR--YET!



SUPERMAN CARRIES THE HUGE METEOR TO A POINT WHERE THE PULL OF EARTH'S GRAVITY IS WEAK, AND THERE...

A FEW MORE TOUCHES -- AND IT'LL BE READY!



NOW I'LL RELEASE IT! I'VE SCULPTURED A PERFECT LIKENESS OF LOIS LANE--AND ADDED A MESSAGE FOR PEOPLE TO READ WHO SEE IT!



WHIZZING THROUGH EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE, THE CARVED LETTERS IN THE HUGE METEOR IGNITE FROM FRICTION OF THE AIR...



THAT'S CERTAINLY THE MOST UNUSUAL "WANTED" POSTER ANYBODY HAS EVER SEEN!



ACTION COMICS



AND SOMEWHERE IN METROPOLIS...

"WANTED--- LOIS LANE?
QUEER, THAT NAME
SEEMS FAMILIAR
TO ME!"



AND WHY SHOULDN'T THE NAME SEEM FAMILIAR? FOR THE SPEAKER IS NONE OTHER THAN--- LOIS LANE!

SUPERMAN CAUGHT
MY GANG--AND PUT
THEM IN PRISON! IT'S
UP TO ME--THE
TIGER WOMAN--
TO FREE THEM AGAIN!
I'VE GOT A PLAN
THAT'S SURE TO
WORK!



POOR LOIS! IN HER STATE OF SHOCK, SHE
STILL BELIEVES THAT SHE IS THE
TIGER WOMAN!

BUT WHEN THE PURSE IS OPENED...

"GASP!" IT'S SOME
KIND OF... GAS!
I-I'LL CALL FOR...
HELP...

YOU CAN'T DO IT,
WARDEN! THE GAS
CAUSES A TEMPORARY
PARALYSIS OF THE
MOTOR NERVES! YOU CAN'T
EVEN MOVE!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AT THE STATE PRISON...

YOU'RE A REPORTER,
WHO WOULD LIKE TO
INTERVIEW THE **TIGER**
WOMAN'S GANG? MAY
I SEE YOUR
CREDENTIALS?

OF COURSE!
I HAVE THEM
RIGHT HERE
IN MY PURSE!



FORTUNATELY, I KEPT A SMALL
OXYGEN MASK IN MY PURSE!
I'LL TAKE YOUR CELL KEYS,
WARDEN! I'M SURE YOU WON'T
OBJECT--BECAUSE YOU CAN'T!



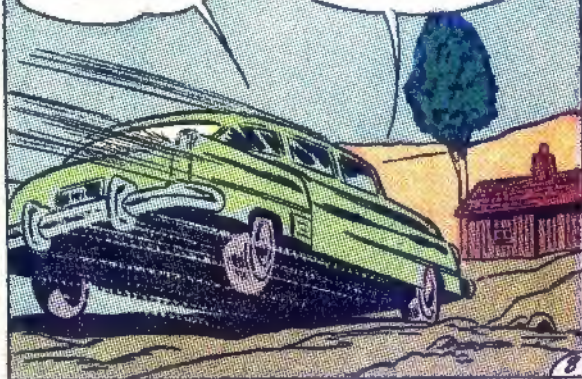
MINUTES
LATER,
THE PRISON
SIREN
SHRIEKS
AN ALARM...



BUT BY THAT TIME THE DARING PRISON
BREAK IS ALREADY A FACT!

TURN INTO THIS ROAD!
THERE'S THE HIDEOUT
SHACK!

WE'LL BE SAFE
HERE, **TIGER**
WOMAN!





ACTION COMICS



A SHORT TIME LATER, IN METROPOLIS...



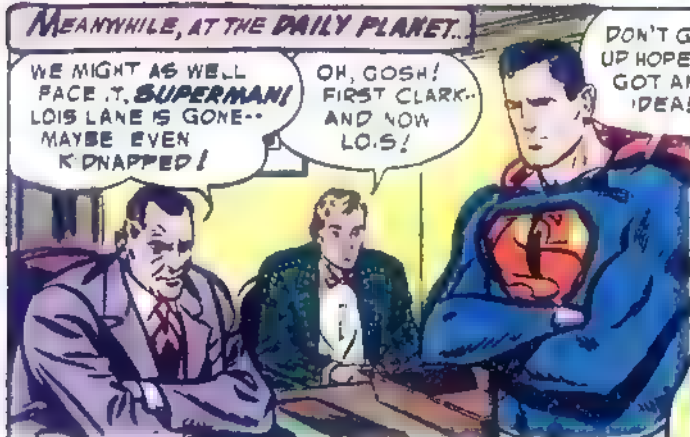
EXTRY! TIGER WOMAN MASTER-MINDS BIG JAIL BREAK!

HA, HA, HA!

THAT JOB WAS EASY! I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER HOW I DID IT! BUT I MUST HAVE-- SINCE I'M THE TIGER WOMAN!

IS LOIS LANE REALLY GUILTY? UNDER A DANGEROUS DELUSION, HAS SHE DEFIED THE LAW?

MEANWHILE, AT THE DAILY PLANET...



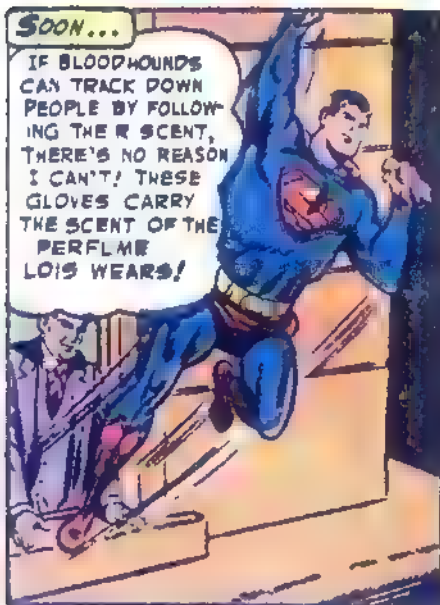
WE MIGHT AS WELL FACE IT, **SUPERMAN!** LOIS LANE IS GONE-- MAYBE EVEN KIDNAPPED!

OH, GOSH! FIRST CLARK-- AND NOW LOIS!

DON'T GIVE UP HOPE! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

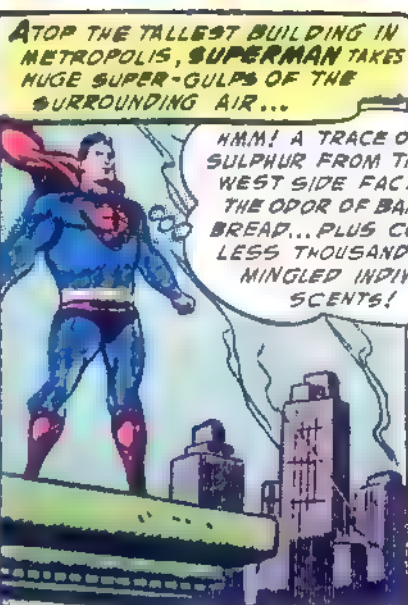
I DON'T BELIEVE LOIS HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED! BUT SHE MAY BE SUFFERING FROM SHOCK-- NOT EVEN KNOWING WHO OR WHERE SHE IS! DO YOU HAVE ANY OF LOIS' PERSONAL BELONGINGS?

HERE, **SUPERMAN!** THIS PAIR OF GLOVES SHE LEFT IN HER DESK!



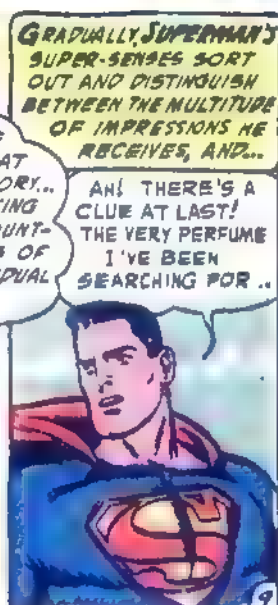
SOON...

IF BLOODHOUNDS CAN TRACK DOWN PEOPLE BY FOLLOWING THEIR SCENT, THERE'S NO REASON I CAN'T! THESE GLOVES CARRY THE SCENT OF THE PERFUME LOIS WEARS!



ATOP THE TALLEST BUILDING IN METROPOLIS, **SUPERMAN** TAKES HUGE SUPER-GULPS OF THE SURROUNDING AIR...

HMM! A TRACE OF SULPHUR FROM THAT WEST SIDE FACTORY... THE ODOR OF BAKING BREAD... PLUS COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF MINGLED INDIVIDUAL SCENTS!



GRADUALLY, **SUPERMAN'S** SUPER-SENSES SORT OUT AND DISTINGUISH BETWEEN THE MULTITUDE OF IMPRESSIONS HE RECEIVES, AND...

AND THERE'S A CLUE AT LAST! THE VERY PERFUME I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR..



ACTION COMICS



AGAIN AND AGAIN SUPERMAN RUNS DOWN A FALSE CLUE...

WERE YOU LOOKING FOR ME, SUPERMAN?

ULP! N-NO! I THOUGHT YOU WERE SOMEONE ELSE!



BUT AT LAST...

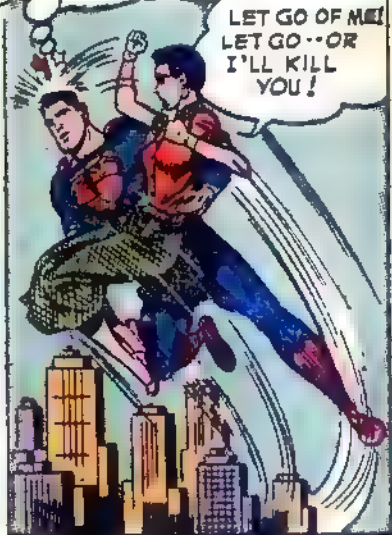
THERE YOU ARE! BUT WHY ARE YOU WEARING THAT DISGUISE, LOIS?

EH? SUPERMAN, YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE! NOT THE TIGER WOMAN!



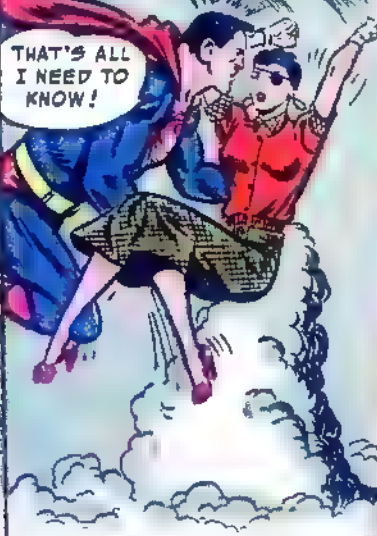
SO THAT'S IT! LOIS IS SUFFERING FROM AMNESIA--INDUCED BY SHOCK! SHE THINKS SHE'S THE TIGER WOMAN! THERE'S ONLY ONE SAFE WAY TO PROVE SHE'S NOT!

LET GO OF ME! LET GO--OR I'LL KILL YOU!



USING HIS SUPER-HEARING, THE MAN OF STEEL TUNES IN ON POLICE SHORT-WAVE BROADCASTS WITHOUT USING A RECEIVING SET...

SIGNAL PROCEED ONCE TO REPORTED AT AVENUE A AND CALLING ALL TIGER WOMAN AND HER GANG LAST SEEN HEADED NORTHWEST ALONG STATE HIGHWAY



THAT'S ALL I NEED TO KNOW!

ACTION ON INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY THE POLICE, SUPERMAN MAKES A LIGHTNING-SWIFT SEARCH OF THE INDICATED AREA...

THERE THEY ARE! THE TIGER WOMAN AND HER GANG--INSIDE THAT SHACK!



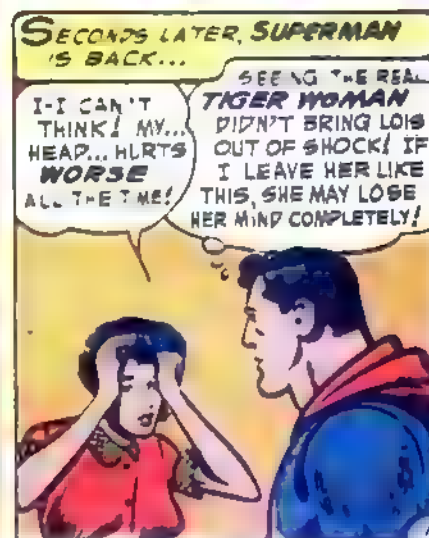
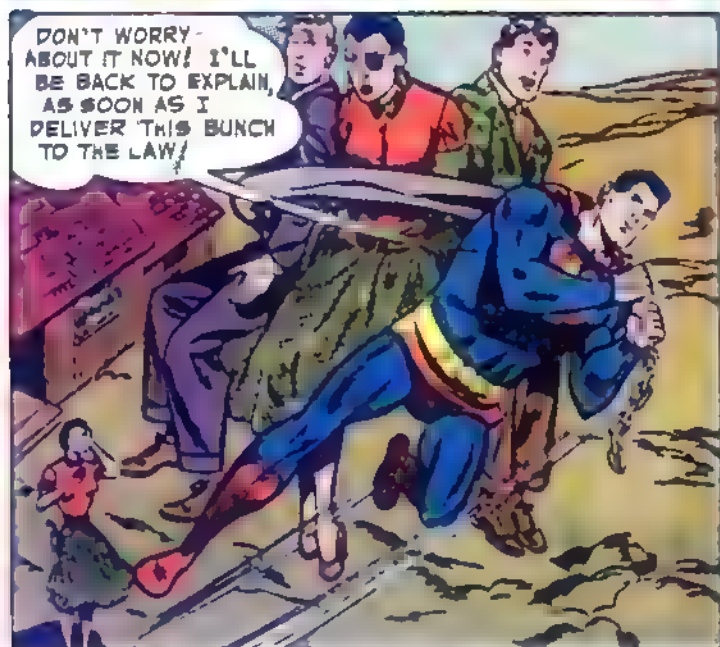
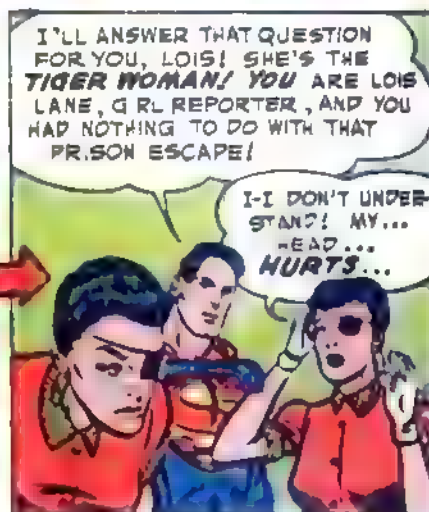
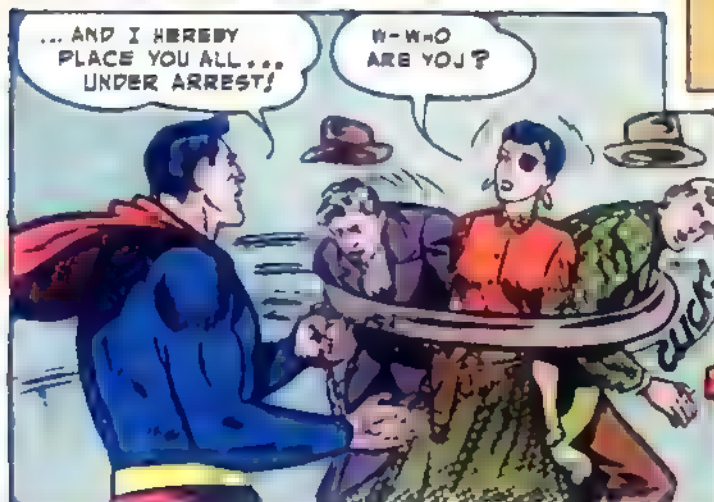
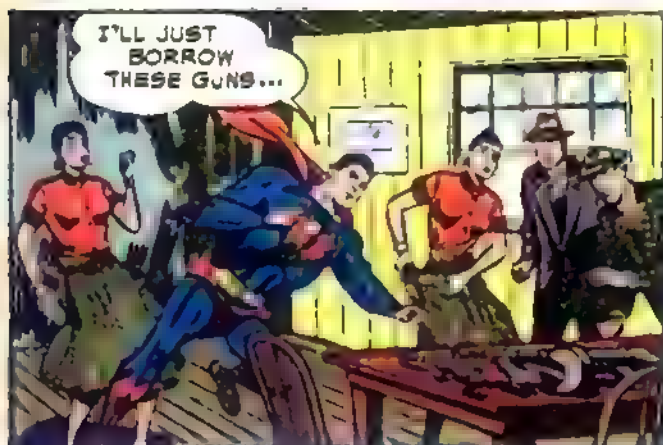
I HOPE I'M INTERRUPTING SOMETHING!

CRASH!

EEYOW! SUPERMAN!

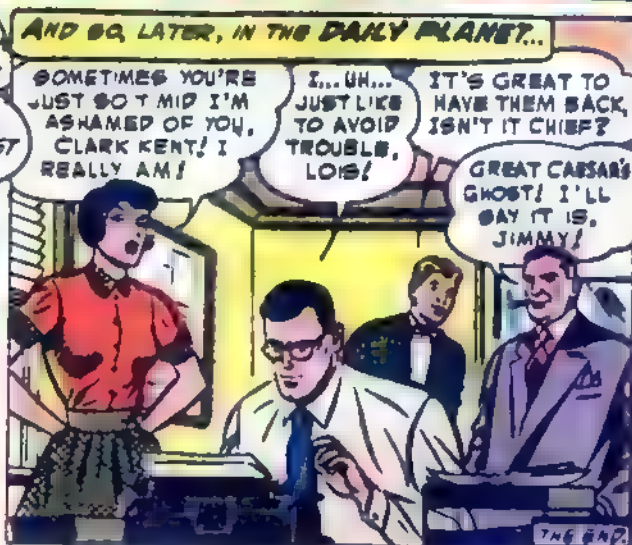
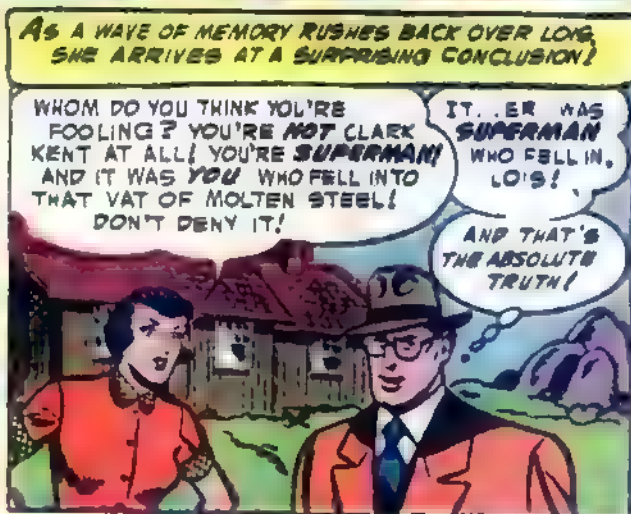
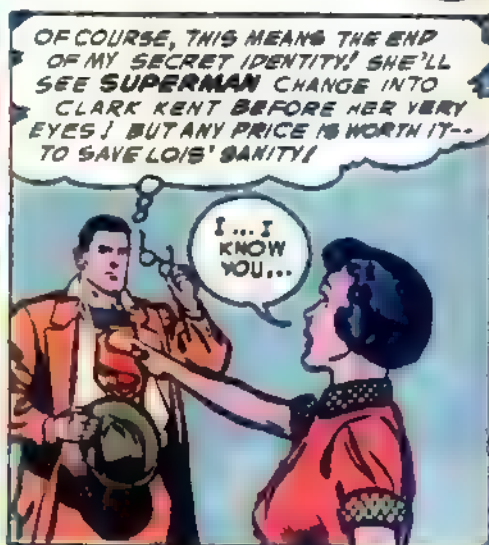
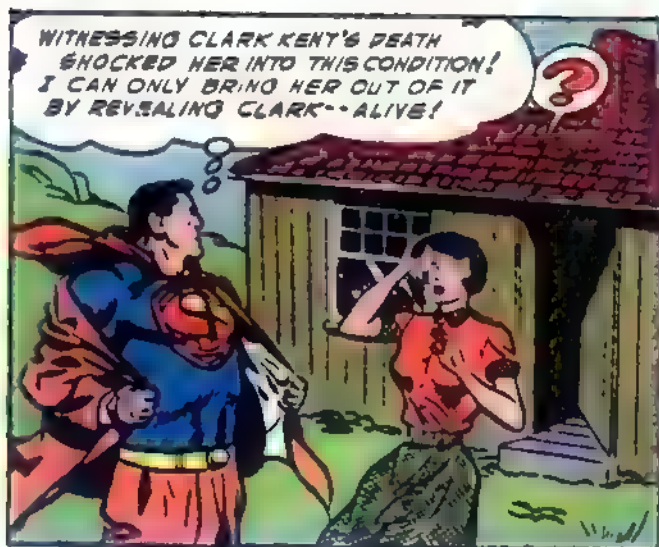


ACTION COMICS





ACTION COMICS



ADVERTISEMENT

AN ENERGY TREAT
SO GOOD TO EAT!

CURTISS
Baby Ruth
CANDY...enriched with dextrose



BABY RUTH
GIVES ME
MY LIFT

BEST TASTING
CANDY BAR I'VE FOUND
IN ALL MY TRAVELS



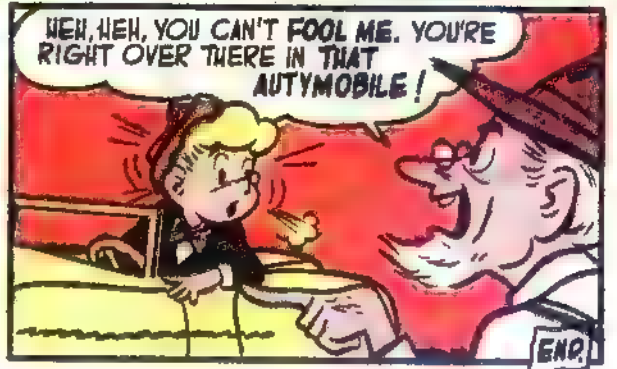
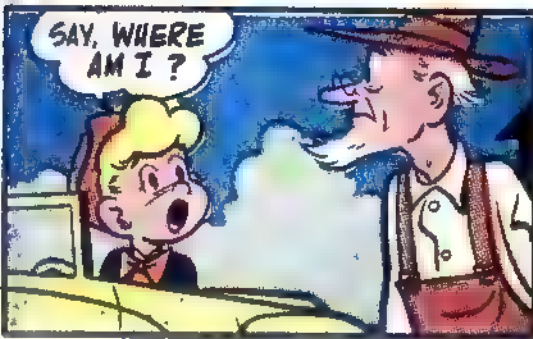
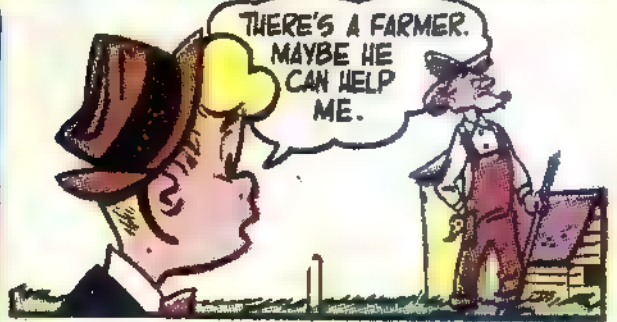
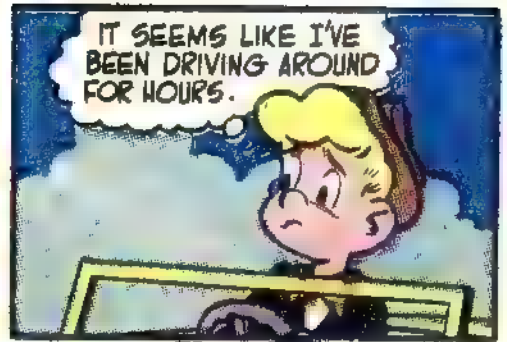
CURTISS



CURTISS CANDY COMPANY

Otto Schnering Founder

makers of Butterfinger Coconut Grove, Caramel Nougat, Dip candy bars, Saf-T-Pops, Fruit Drops and Mints



SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Uranus No. 4)

G MUUJ KJAIQZOUT OY G
VXOBORKMK — YU SGQK
ZNK SUYZ UL OZ GTJ ZGQK
VGXZ OT HAOROTM G HK-
ZZKX CUXOJ.

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

AUGUST

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code.

NAME.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

END



CONGO BILL

SWIFT AND SUDDEN ARE THE DEATH-DEALING DANGERS THAT LURK IN THE JUNGLES... AND ONLY THE STRENGTH AND SAVVY OF CONGO BILL, AS GUIDE AND PROTECTOR, HAVE SAVED MANY A SAFARI! BUT SUPPOSE THE ACE ADVENTURER WERE SUDDENLY STRICKEN HELPLESS, AND JANU, HIS YOUNG ALLY, HAD TO TAKE HIS PLACE? NOT A VERY COMFORTING THOUGHT, HELD YET, THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENS ON...
"The SAFARI of YOUNG JANU!"



IN EAST AFRICA, ONE DAY, CONGO BILL AND JANU SET OUT ON A STRANGE JUNGLE MISSION...

CONGO BILL, THIS IS THE RARE RAINBOW ORCHID I WANT TO PHOTOGRAPH! DO YOU KNOW WHERE IT CAN BE FOUND?

YES, MR. BLAKE, I KNOW JUST WHERE A LARGE FLOWER BED IS LOCATED! BUT IT'S ACROSS PRETTY DANGEROUS COUNTRY!

I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT JUNGLE DANGERS AS LONG AS YOU'RE MY GUIDE!

SURE, AND DON'T FORGET JANU! YOUR GUIDE, TOO!





ACTION COMICS



BUT NO SOONER DOES THE SAFARI GET STARTED THAN...

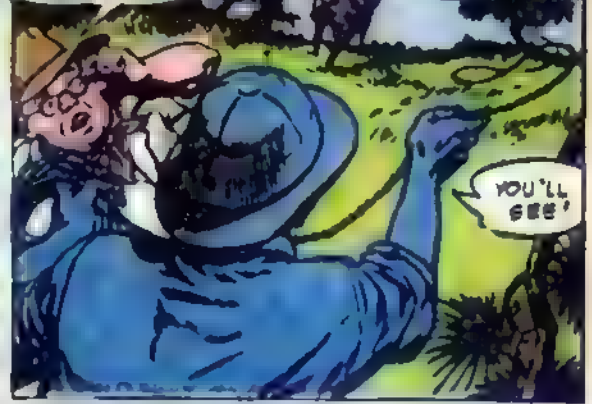
LOOK OUT! A WILD BOAR-- CHARGING STRAIGHT AT US!

HMM... NOT EVEN A BULLET WOULD STOP ITS CHARGE IN TIME! STAND PERFECTLY STILL EVERYBODY!



WITH DAZZLING SPEED, THE FAMOUS JUNGLE FIGHTER GOES INTO ACTION...

WHAT GOOD WILL LASSING THAT BUSH DO?



GET IT? A BOAR IS NOT ONLY VERY NEAR-SIGHTED BUT VERY STUPID! IT'LL CHARGE ANYTHING THAT MOVES!

AMAZING! WHO ELSE BUT CONGO BILL WOULD THINK OF THAT?

I WOULD! I PRETTY GOOD JUNGLE FIGHTER, TOO!

DON'T BE SILLY, JANU! IT TAKES YEARS OF EXPERIENCE TO DEFEAT THE DANGERS OF THE JUNGLE! DON'T EVER TRY IT UNLESS I'M AROUND TO HELP YOU!



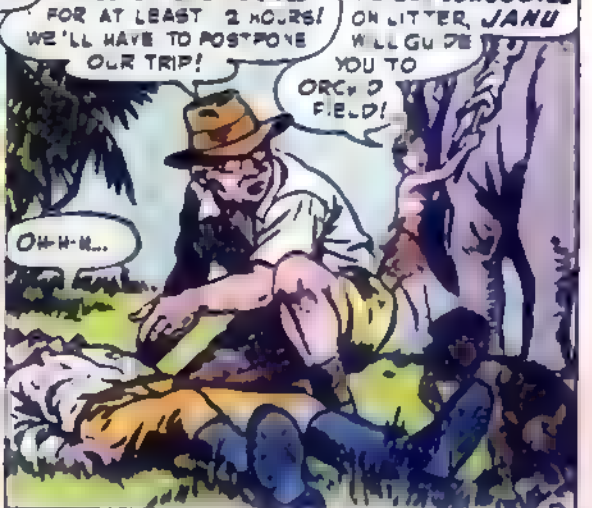
BUT AT THAT INSTANT...

FUNNY... I FEEL DIZZY! WHO'S WORLD-- SEEMS TO BE GONG-- 'ROUND AND 'ROUND!

LEAPING LIONS! WHAT THE MATTER, CONGO BILL?

IT'S JUNGLE FEVER! WE'LL BE UNCONSCIOUS FOR AT LEAST 2 HOURS! WE'LL HAVE TO POSTPONE OUR TRIP!

NO, MR. BLAKE! AFTER WE GET CONGO BILL ON LITTER, JANU WILL GUIDE YOU TO ORCHID FIELD!





ACTION COMICS

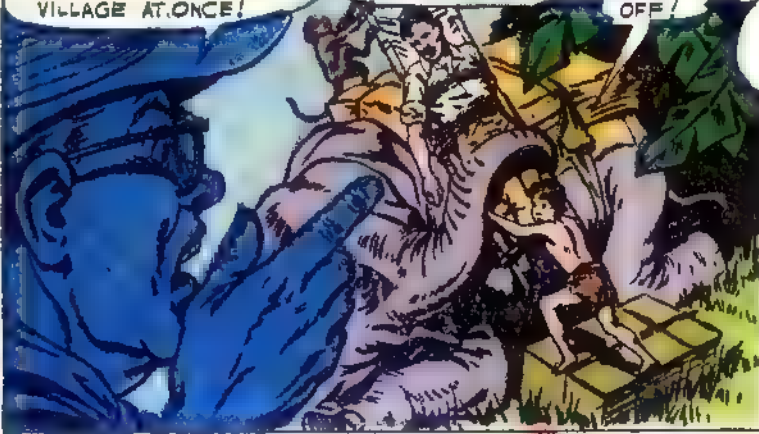


ARE YOU MAD, JANU? I'M NOT RISKING MY VALUABLE EQUIPMENT TO A MERE BOY! TAKE ME BACK TO THE VILLAGE AT ONCE!

JUMPING JACKALS! THAT AN INSULT! BUT--OKAY... WE GO BACK TO VILLAGE! HOLD STILL, BOMBO--SO CONGO BILL DOES NOT FALL OFF!

THEN, AS THE GROUP MOVES ON,

DO NOT TELL ANYBODY, CHOTA, THAT I FOOLING MR. BLAKE! I MAKE BELIEVE I TAKE HIM BACK TO VILLAGE, BUT I REALLY TAKING HIM TO RAINBOW ORCHIDS--TO PROVE JANU CAN PROTECT HIM JUST LIKE CONGO BILL!



BUT EVEN NOW, AS THEY TREK THROUGH THE JUNGLE TANGLES, A VICIOUS MAN-KILLER EAGERLY AWAITS THEIR COMING...

SUDDENLY, AS THE BEAST LEAPS...

GET DOWN, MR. BLAKE, SO I CAN SHOOT IT!

DON'T WORRY... I'M A GOOD SHOT!



BUT--INSTEAD OF KILLING THE ANIMAL...

SUFFERING SALAMANDERS! THIS IS NOT GOOD, MR. BLAKE! YOU ONLY WOUND LION--AND NOTHING MORE DANGEROUS THAN WOUNDED BEAST! I MUST FINISH IT OFF, BEFORE IT COME BACK FOR REVENGE!

GOSH! I SURE WISH CONGO BILL WERE CONSCIOUS!



AND WHILE THE PAIR FRANTICALLY SEARCHED THROUGH THE BUSH, THE WILY BEAST BACK-TRACKS, UNTIL...

LOOK OUT! HE CAME UP BEHIND ME!

YES, AND MR. BLAKE IS RIGHT IN MY LINE OF FIRE! HOWLING HYENAS!... WHAT I DO NOW?





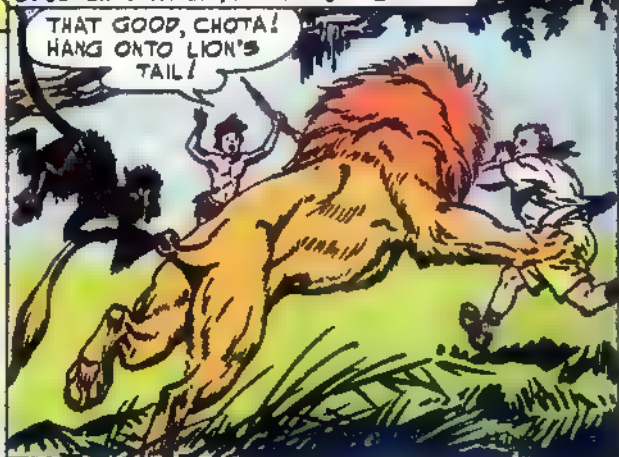
ACTION COMICS



SUDDENLY, AN IDEA STRIKES JANU-- HE WHISPERS TO HIS CHUMS, CHOTA AND BOMBO, AND...



MOMENTS LATER, AS THE CAT LEAPS...



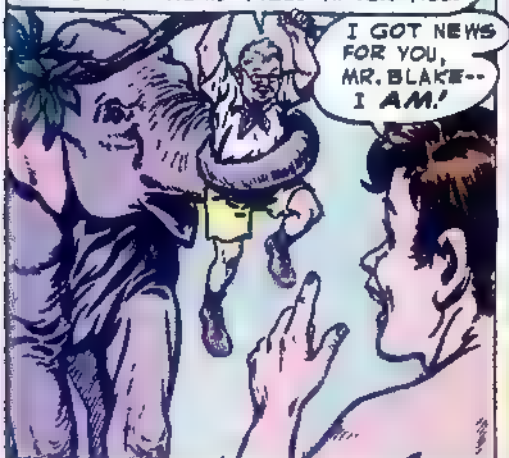
AS JANU HOPED, THE ADDED WEIGHT ON THE TAIL CAUSES THE LION TO FALL FAR SHORT OF ITS MARK...



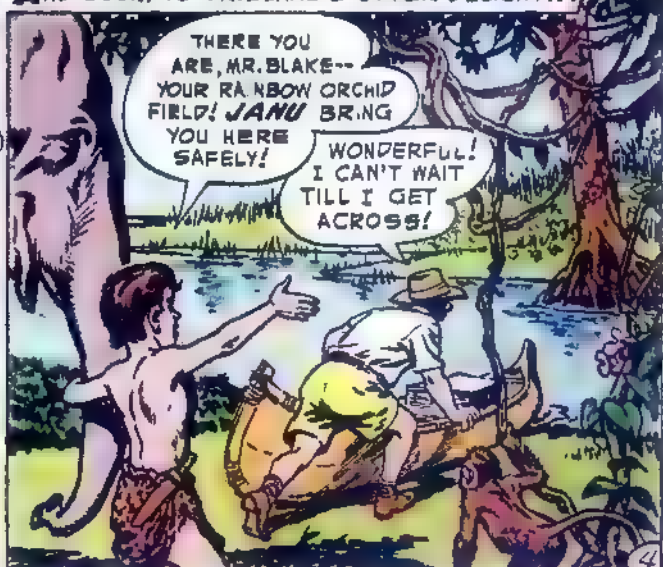
AND AS THE POWERFUL PACHYDERM LIFTS MR. BLAKE WITH ITS MIGHTY TRUNK...



SAY, JANU, YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD! CONGO BILL COULDN'T DO BETTER! I'M SORRY I DIDN'T LET YOU LEAD ME TO THE ORCHID FIELD AFTER ALL!



AND SOON, TO MR. BLAKE'S UTTER DELIGHT...





ACTION COMICS



BUT WHEN THEY TRY, FRESH PERIL THREATENS...



CROCODILES!

YES, AND THEY LOOK AWFUL HUNGRY! WHAT'LL WE DO?

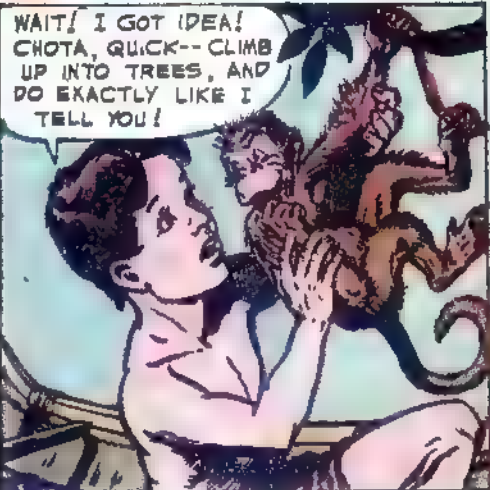
THERE ARE TOO MANY OF THEM FOR US TO START SHOOTING... AND THEY'RE POWERFUL ENOUGH TO R.P. OUR FLIMSY CANOE TO SHREDS!

WHAT'LL WE DO, JANU? THIS IS YOUR RESPONSIBILITY, REMEMBER!

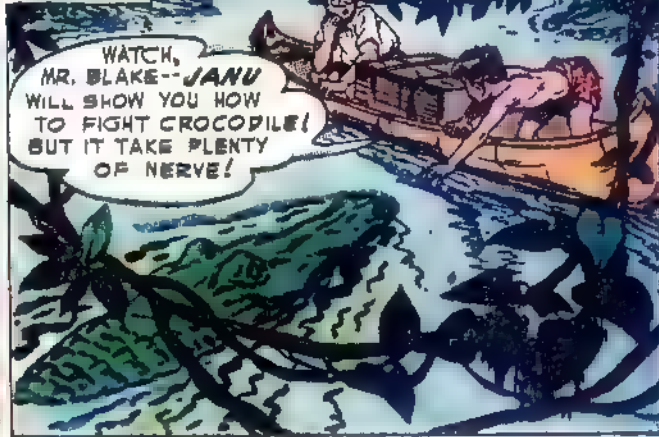
GREAT GORILLAS! STOP KOLLERING AND LET ME THINK!



WAIT! I GOT IDEA! CHOTA, QUICK-- CLIMB UP INTO TREES, AND DO EXACTLY LIKE I TELL YOU!



THEN, AS THE MENACING CROCS COME CLOSER AND CLOSER...



WATCH, MR. BLAKE-- JANU WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO FIGHT CROCODILE! BUT IT TAKE PLENTY OF NERVE!

SEE? FIRST YOU WAIT UNTIL CROCODILE OPENS HIS BIG MOUTH TO BITE OFF THE HAND!



THEN, WITH OTHER HAND, I QUICKLY PUT STICK INTO CROC'S MOUTH, SO HE CAN'T CLOSE HIS MOUTH! PRETTY SMART, HUH?

MAYBE-- BUT YOU HAVEN'T ENOUGH STICKS OR HANDS TO TAKE CARE OF THE REST OF THE CROCS! HOW ABOUT THEM?





ACTION COMICS



LATER, AS THE PARTY RETURNS TO ITS CAMP ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER



AT THAT MOMENT...



ADVENTURES OF THE DUBBLE BUBBLE KIDS



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TOMAHAWK
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WONDER WOMAN
WORLD'S FINEST
COMICS

POLIO

Research
will mean
Victory!

GAMMA GLOBULIN—
obtained from human blood—
protects for a few weeks.
But it is in very short supply.



*When POLIO is around,
follow these PRECAUTIONS*

- 1 Keep clean
- 2 Don't get fatigued
- 3 Avoid new groups
- 4 Don't get chilled



A VACCINE

A safe and promising vac-
cine is being tested now, but
results will not be known
until 1955.



THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION
FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS



SUPERGRAM

the SUPERMAN PUZZLE GAME



Comic
Clue



1	STRONG AND HEALTHY	R					
2	MAKE A JOURNEY		R				
3	EDGE			R			
4	EXPLORE				R		
5	GO TO BED					R	
6	RESTORE TO GOOD CONDITION						R

DIRECTIONS

THE ANSWER TO THE COMIC CLUE IS A SIX-LETTER WORD. HERE'S HOW YOU FIND IT--
SIX MISSING WORDS ARE DEFINED ABOVE. ONE LETTER IN EACH MISSING WORD HAS
ALREADY BEEN INSERTED. PRINT THE 6 WORDS, A LETTER TO A SQUARE. THIS DONE
CORRECTLY YOU MAY NOW ARRANGE THE ENCIRCLED LETTERS TO SPELL THE ANSWER
TO THE COMIC CLUE. THINKING CAP ON-- PENCIL READY? HAVE FUN!

Answer

1-ROBUST 2-TRAVEL 3-BORDER 4-SEARCH (Comic Clue Answer - BORDER)
5-RATING 6-REPAIR



Tommy TOMORROW

THAT ACE OF PLANETEERS, COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW HAS FACED MANY GREAT MYSTERIES IN SPACE, BUT NONE MORE BAFFLING THAN THE DESERTED CITY OF ZUNDAR! WHERE ARE THE MISSING INHABITANTS? WHAT KEEPS THEM FROM RETURNING TO THEIR MAGNIFICENT CITY? TOMMY TOMORROW MUST FIRST FIND ANSWERS TO THOSE PUZZLING QUESTIONS, BEFORE HE CAN UNLOCK THE AMAZING RIDDLE OF...

The TIME VAULT WORLD!

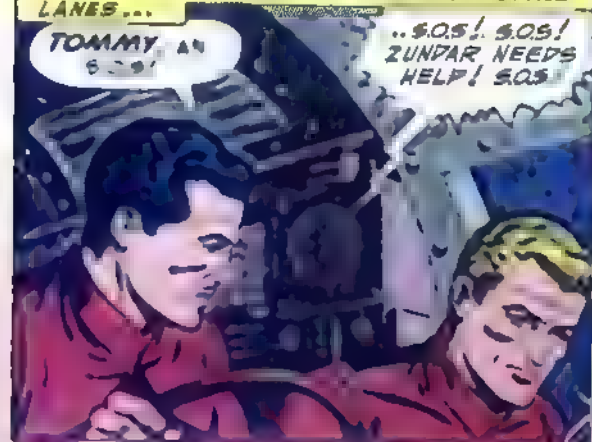


NO USE!
A WORLD
LOCKED UP
AND NO WAY
IN!

THE YEAR 2054, AS COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW AND HIS PLANETEERS AND HIS AIDE, CAPTAIN BRENT WOOD, PATROL THE SPACE LANES...

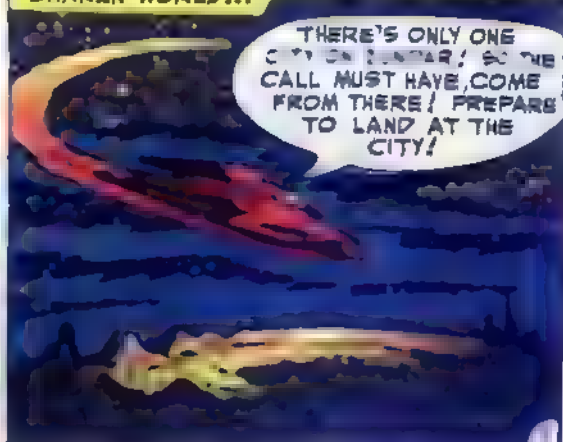
TOMMY: AN

..S.O.S! S.O.S!
ZUNDAR NEEDS
HELP! S.O.S!



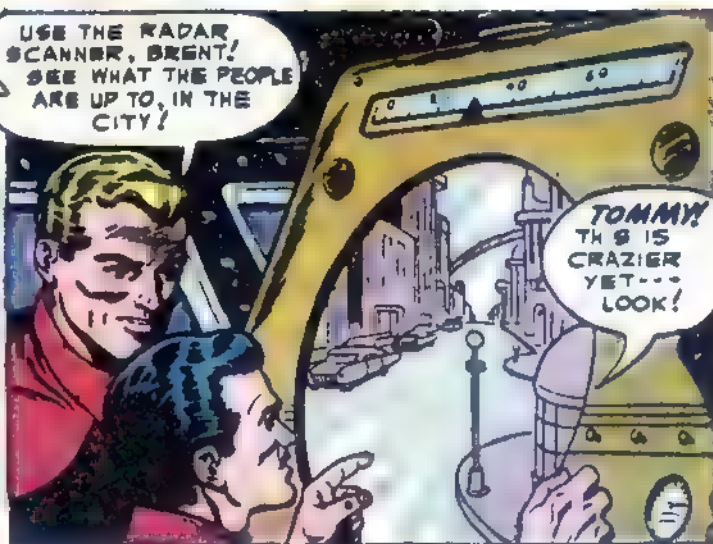
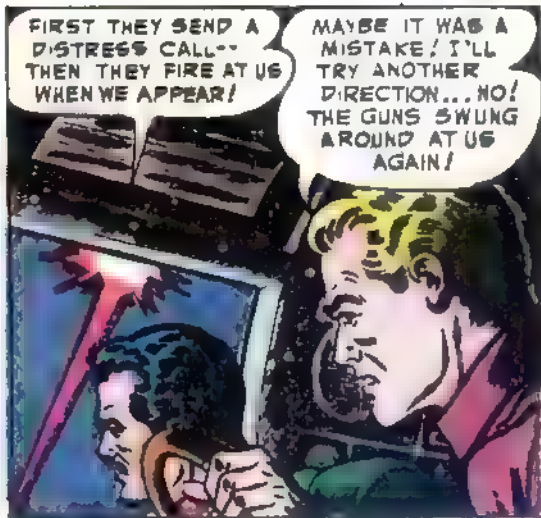
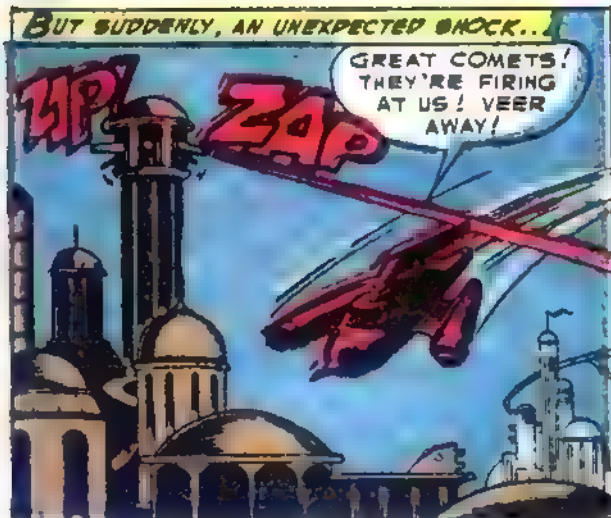
Suddenly, THE PLANETEERS HEAR THEIR ROCKET, THE SPACE ACE, TOWARD ZUNDAR, A TINY BARREN WORLD...

THERE'S ONLY ONE
CITY ON ZUNDAR! SO THE
CALL MUST HAVE COME
FROM THERE! PREPARE
TO LAND AT THE
CITY!



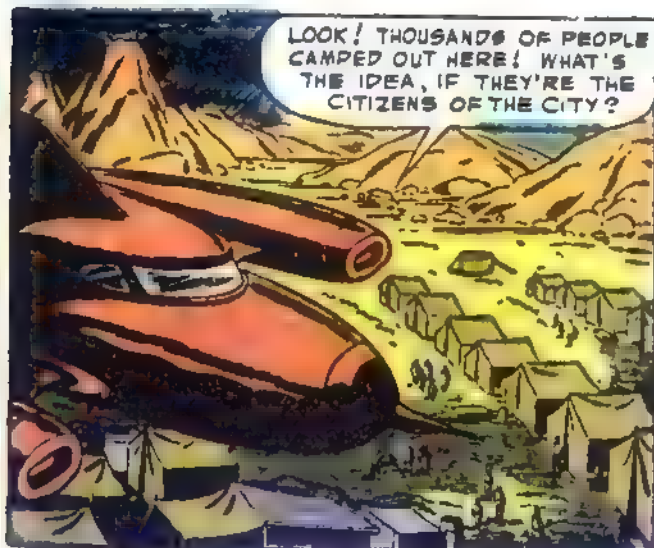


ACTION COMICS





ACTION COMICS



LOOK! THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE
CAMPED OUT HERE! WHAT'S
THE IDEA, IF THEY'RE THE
CITIZENS OF THE CITY?

GREETINGS, PLANETEERS!
I'M PRINCE JAL! YOU
SEE, MY PEOPLE AND
I ARE **LOCKED OUT**
OF OUR CITY-- HELD
OFF BY THOSE RAY
CANNON!

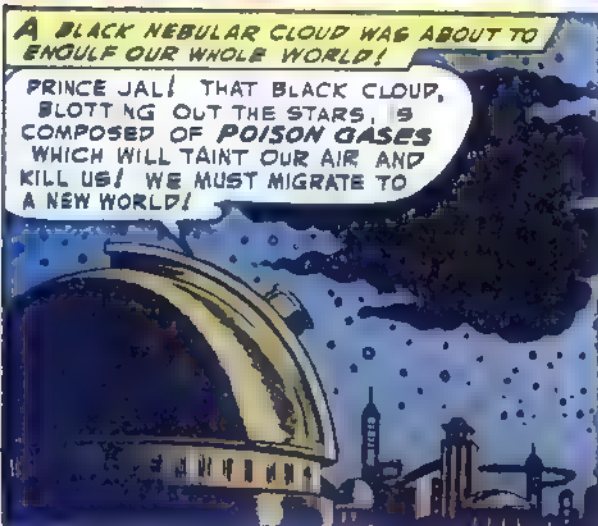
YOU MEAN
THOSE
WEAPONS
FIRE BY
THEMSELVES?



YES! FULLY AUTOMATIC,
UNDER ROBOT AND RADAR
CONTROLS, THEY
FORM A COMPLETE
UMBRELLA OF
DEFENSE AROUND
THE CITY AND
FIRE BLINDLY
AT ANYONE
APPROACHING,
EVEN **US!**

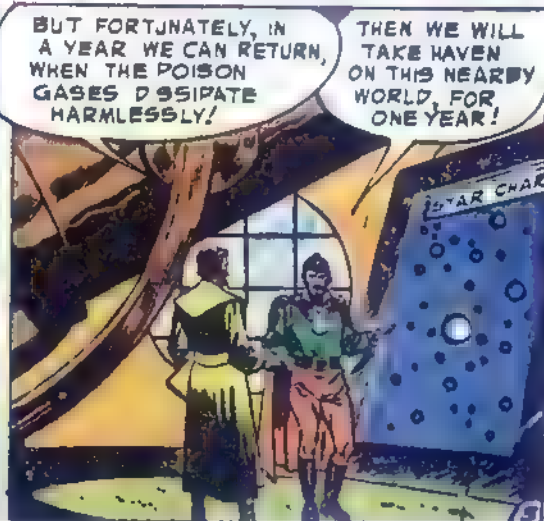
HOW STRANGE! PEOPLE
KEPT OUT OF THEIR OWN
CITY BY THEIR OWN
AUTOMATIC GUNS! BUT
HOW DID YOU GET TRAPPED
OUTSIDE HERE?

NEED MY STORY, IT
WAS A YEAR AGO
THAT A MENACE
THREATENED US
FROM OUTER SPACE...



**A BLACK NEBULAR CLOUD WAS ABOUT TO
ENGULF OUR WHOLE WORLD!**

PRINCE JAL! THAT BLACK CLOUD,
BLOTTING OUT THE STARS,
IS
COMPOSED OF **POISON GASES**
WHICH WILL TAINT OUR AIR AND
KILL US! WE MUST MIGRATE TO
A NEW WORLD!



BUT FORTUNATELY, IN
A YEAR WE CAN RETURN,
WHEN THE POISON
GASES DISSIPATE
HARMLESSLY!

THEN WE WILL
TAKE HAVEN
ON THIS NEARBY
WORLD, FOR
ONE YEAR!

"BUT BEFORE WE LEFT, A GRIM NEW PROBLEM AROSE..."

BUT, SIRE! VANDALS FROM OTHER WORLDS, WHO CAN PERHAPS BREATHE POISONED AIR, COULD COME AND LOOT OUR UNDEFENDED CITY WHILE WE ARE GONE!

WE MUST PROTECT OUR CITY, THEN!



"AND SO, WE BUILT THE GIANT CENTRAL TOWER OVER THE CITY, EQUIPPED WITH RAY CANNON!"

THAT FLOCK OF METEORS FALLING IS A PERFECT TEST! THE AUTOMATIC GUNS WILL SHIELD THE CITY COMPLETELY FROM ANY HARM OR VANDALISM!



"FINALLY, WE SET ONE LAST MASTER CONTROL..."

THIS TIME LOCK IS SET FOR EXACTLY ONE YEAR! WHEN WE RETURN, IT WILL SHUT OFF THE GUNS AND LET US IN!

ALL IS READY FOR OUR MIGRATION NOW!



"AND SO, AFTER A YEAR AWAY FROM HOME, WE RETURNED THANKFULLY, BUT TO MEET A TERRIBLE SHOCK!"

HOME SWEET HOME! OUR PROTECTED CITY IS UNMOLESTED AND... GREAT STARS! THE GUNS ARE STILL FIRING!

THE TIME LOCK MUST HAVE JAMMED, PREVENTING THE GUNS FROM BEING TURNED OFF!



THE BITTER TALE ENDS...

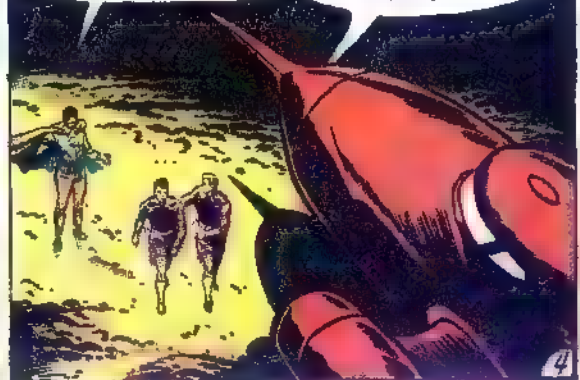
SO HERE WE ARE, COLD AND HUNGRY, UNABLE TO REACH OUR DEEP-FREEZES IN THE CITY, WHICH ARE LOADED WITH FOOD! NO WAY IN...

WAIT...HOW ABOUT UNDERGROUND, WHERE THE GUNS CAN'T REACH?



WE MINED THE GROUND, TOO, OF COURSE! YOU CAN'T BORE UP FROM BELOW!

COME ON, BRENT! MAYBE OUR SUPERSONIC SH.P. CAN OUT-MANEUVER THOSE SWINGING GUNS!



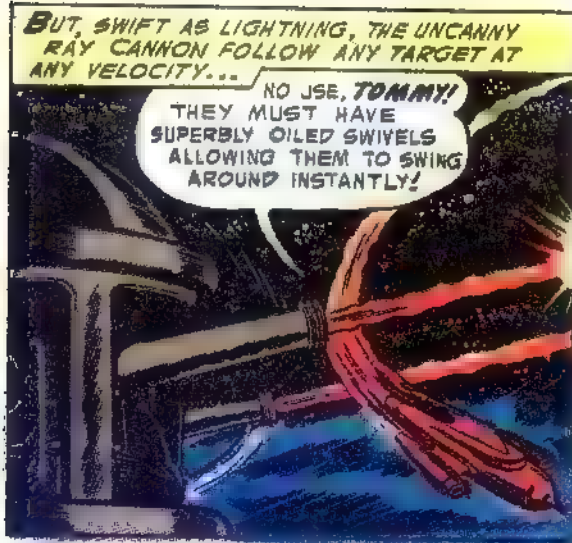


ACTION COMICS



BUT, SWIFT AS LIGHTNING, THE UNCANNY RAY CANNON FOLLOW ANY TARGET AT ANY VELOCITY...

NO JOE, **TOMMY!**
THEY MUST HAVE
SUPERBLY OILED SWIVELS
ALLOWING THEM TO SWING
AROUND INSTANTLY!



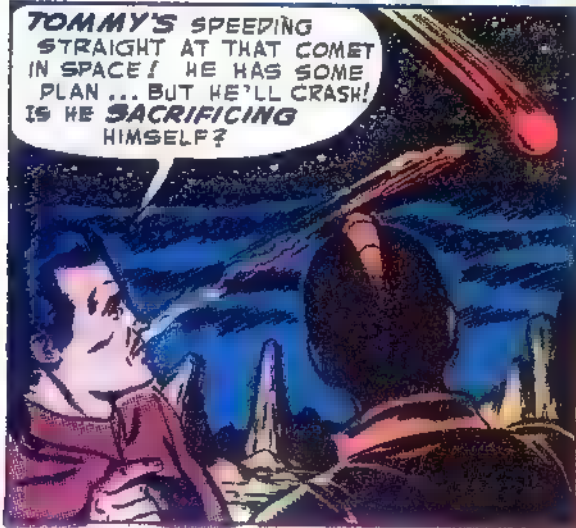
AFTER DEEP THOUGHT, TOMMY TOMORROW LANDS AND SPEAKS GRIMLY...

THERE'S ONE WAY TO CRACK
THIS NUT-- BUT IT'S A ONE-
MAN JOB-- FOR ME! OUT,
BRENT! THAT'S AN ORDER!

TOMMY!
LET ME HELP.
UH... YES
SIR!

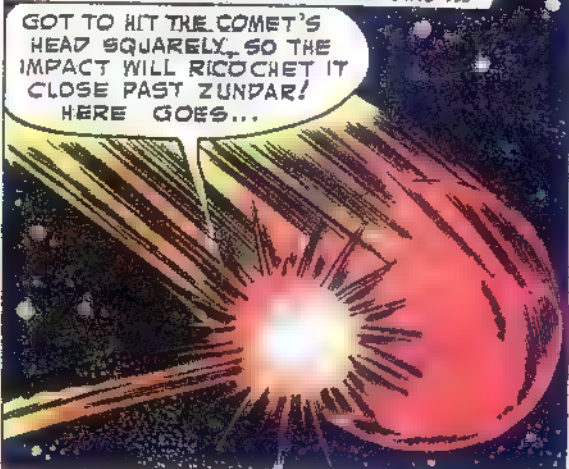


TOMMY'S SPEEDING
STRAIGHT AT THAT COMET
IN SPACE! HE HAS SOME
PLAN ... BUT HE'LL CRASH!
IS HE **SACRIFICING**
HIMSELF?



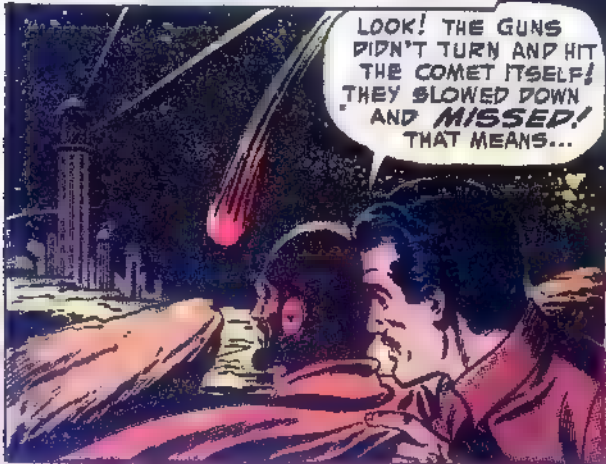
WITHOUT HESITATION, TOMMY TOMORROW RAMS HIS SHIP AT TOP SPEED AND...

GOT TO HIT THE COMET'S
HEAD SQUARELY, SO THE
IMPACT WILL RICOCHET IT
CLOSE PAST ZUNDAR!
HERE GOES...



THROWN INTO A NEW ORBIT, THE COMET'S TAIL SWEEPS DOWN OVER THE CITY AND...

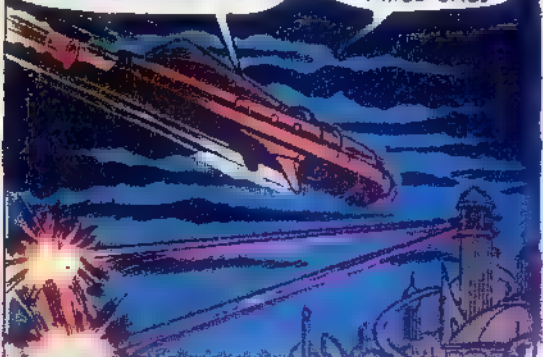
LOOK! THE GUNS
DIDN'T TURN AND HIT
THE COMET ITSELF!
THEY SLOWED DOWN
AND **MISS!**
THAT MEANS...



HURRIEDLY, CAPTAIN BRENT WOOD PILOTS PRINCE JAL'S SHIP TO THE CITY, SAFELY!

SLOWED DOWN, THE
GUNS WON'T GET US!
WE'LL MAKE IT!

I'LL LAND AND
YOU TURN OFF
THE TIME LOCK,
PRINCE JAL!



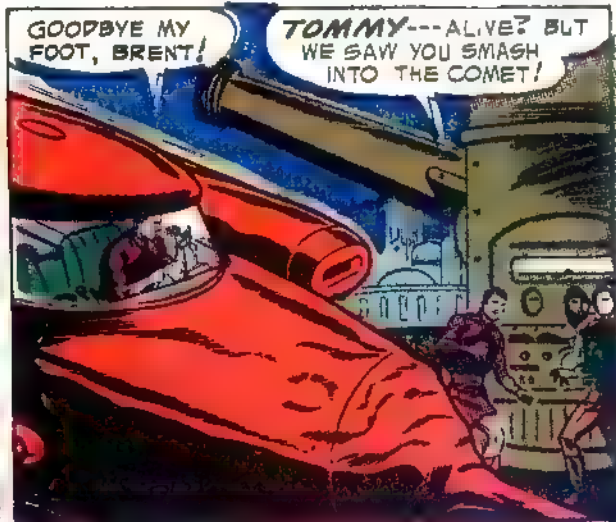


ACTION COMICS



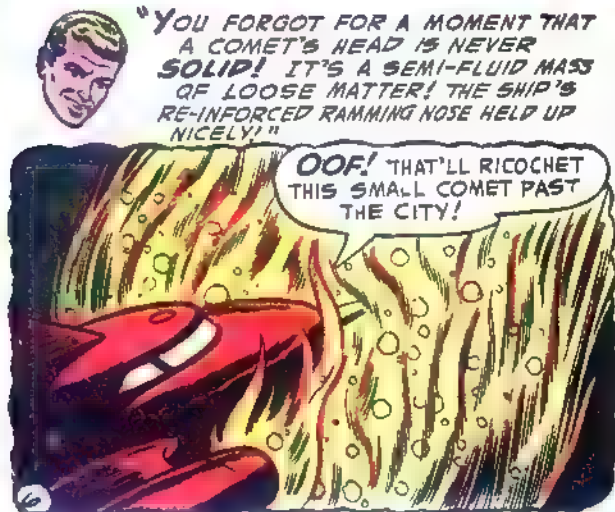
THE GUNS ARE SILENT NOW! WE CAN RETURN TO OUR CITY-- THANKS TO GALLANT COLONEL TOMORROW!

A SWELL GUY... CHOKES!...GOOD-BYE, **TOMMY** FOREVER!



GOODBYE MY FOOT, BRENT!

TOMMY---ALIVE? BUT WE SAW YOU SMASH INTO THE COMET!



"YOU FORGOT FOR A MOMENT THAT A COMET'S HEAD IS NEVER **SOLID!** IT'S A SEMI-FLUID MASS OF LOOSE MATTER! THE SHIP'S RE-INFORCED RAMMING NOSE HELP UP NICELY!"

OOF! THAT'LL RICOCHET THIS SMALL COMET PAST THE CITY!



AND THAT INGENIOUS **PLANETEER** KNEW THAT A COMET'S TAIL IS FILLED WITH FINE **DUST** WHICH GOT INTO THE OIL OF THE GUN SWIVELS, PREVENTING THEM FROM OPERATING. GOODBYE, AND THANKS FOR GIVING US OUR WORLD BACK, **COLONEL TOMORROW!**

THE END.



BATMAN

When Batman and Robin are in a tight spot, there's only one person who can save them... **THE BOY WONDER!**

THREE

OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE TEAM

EXCITING NEW ADVENTURES

BATMAN

WITH **ROBIN** THE BOY WONDER

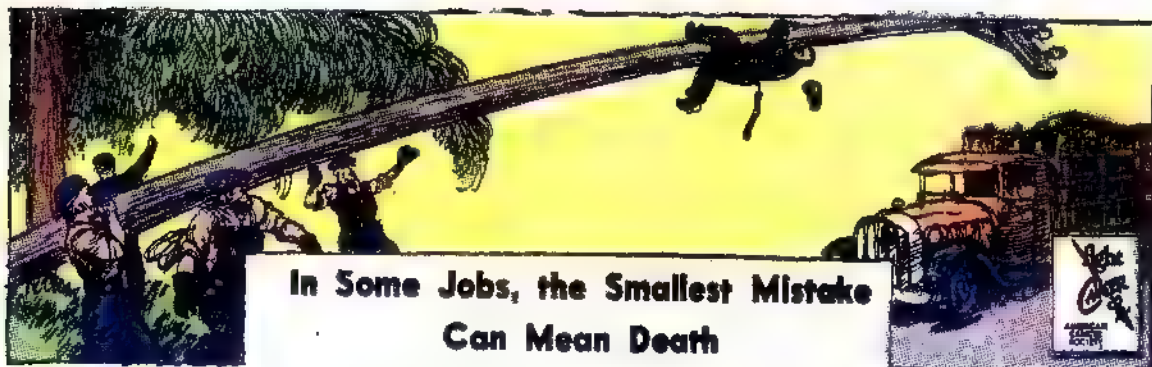
"The COSTUME of DOOM!"

"BATMAN, CLOWN of CRIME!"

"GUARDIAN of the BAT-SIGNAL!"

GET YOUR COPY **NOW** AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!

THEY DEAL IN DANGER



In Some Jobs, the Smallest Mistake Can Mean Death

ANYONE can make a mistake. That's why they put erasers on the end of pencils. But there are certain types of jobs where mistakes can be deadly. Take the linemen who switch hot wires from the old poles to the new ones just put in by the electric company's ground crews.

No doubt, you've seen these crews working along a highway dozens of times. The ground crewmen dig a hole next to a pole that's gutted with age, and put a brand-new pole into the hole. After this new pole has been firmly anchored down, a lineman climbs up the old pole and transfers the live electric cables from the old pole to the new one. It's as simple as that. Unless someone makes a mistake.

Like lineman Dave Sutter's mistake. Dave was one of the electric company's top men. In his 14 years of service with the firm, he had been awarded six safety awards. No one expected Dave Sutter to make foolish mistakes.

It may have been due to the fact that his little baby daughter, Linda, had been running a high temperature that morning, and Dave was anxious to get home. Whatever the reason, Dave was anxious to finish up that day, and breathed a sigh of relief when the last pole went up.

Before climbing up the old pole, Dave

had stopped to listen to a joke being told by a member of the ground crew sitting on the seat of the big service truck parked nearby. But Dave hadn't listened to the end, for, halfway through, he'd realized he had heard that one before.

With a scornful wave of his hand at the teller of the old joke, Dave clamped on his climbing irons, and began to go up the 40-foot pole.

Reaching the crossbars, he dug his irons into the wood of the old pole, tested his leather strap, then leaned back on it.

Working with deft fingers, he unhooked the wires from the old pole, and attached them to the new pole. He gave the last wire an extra twist, then wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead.

"That's that," he murmured, and prepared to descend. But, at that instant, he froze!

Did the pole to which he was clinging actually move? Or was it just his imagination?

A cry from far below supplied the answer.

"Take it easy, Dave," came the warning, "your pole's shifting!"

Without moving a muscle, but inclining his head downward, he saw the ground crewmen gathering about the base of the pole.

"How come the pole is loose?" he shouted.

"We figured you would go up the new

pole! Didn't you notice we'd dug around the old one?"

Dave didn't reply. What was the use? He'd made a bad mistake, and now he was paying for it. Any sudden shifting of his weight might send the pole toppling, and Dave wasn't optimistic enough to think he could survive a 40-foot fall.

Meanwhile, the ground crewmen were putting their combined weight against the pole on all sides. But Dave knew, as they did, that if the pole took a sudden notion to topple over, a dozen ground crews would be unable to stop it.

"Drop your tools, Dave!"

Dave recognized the voice of Jim Baird, driver of the service truck. Jim was a quiet, soft-spoken man of about 23. In point of service, he was the youngest of the lot, having joined the crew about six months before.

In obedience to Jim's command, Dave let the tools slip from his hands. They clattered to the hard pavement of the concrete highway. Dave shuddered. Now what?

"See if you can slide down, Dave. We'll hold the pole as steady as we can."

It was Jim's voice again. Dave slowly, painstakingly pulled the other iron out of the weather-beaten pole. Now his legs were hanging free, and only his arms clutched around the pole held his weight.

"The safety belt, Dave!"

Dave nodded, let the safety belt slip over his shoulders.

"Okay, try it now!"

Dave let himself slip down a few inches. But, next moment, he dug one iron back into the wood, and held on for dear life. The pole had shifted ominously.

Dave glanced downward at the uplifted faces of the worried crewmen. "I don't think I can make it," he said. "The pole shifts too much when I move!"

Far below, the ground crewmen, or

"grunts," as they are called, exchanged grim glances. One of them looked up.

"You'll have to try again, Dave—there's no other way!"

Again Dave gritted his teeth. Again he removed the iron, and again he let himself slip a few inches. This time the pole made a sickening grinding noise, and slipped sideways.

The ground crewmen almost deserted their position in an automatic impulse of self-defense, but the impulse swiftly passed, and they used their combined weight against the straining pole.

"It's no use," groaned one of them. "It's going to fall, and there's nothing we can do to stop it."

Dave heard the words as they filtered up, and terror gripped him. He thought of the sweet, round face of his baby daughter, Linda, and the gentle look of Linda's mother. He could picture Myra's face when she learned that he had fallen to his death.

But, at that moment, he caught sight of Jim Baird racing toward the service truck. Moments later, he heard the sound of the starter, and the muffler as the truck's motor caught on.

What happened next was a nightmare of fast action. The pole began to fall. And, as it did, Jim Baird, at the wheel of the truck, waited until the pole was halfway down until he let out the clutch, sending the vehicle forward with a lurch.

Jim Baird's timing was perfect. The pole hit the top of the truck midway, where it remained, evenly balanced. Dave, glued to the pole, dangled not five feet off the ground. And shouting crewmen soon lifted him down.

Dave walked over to Jim and took his hand.

"Nice driving, Jim," he said.

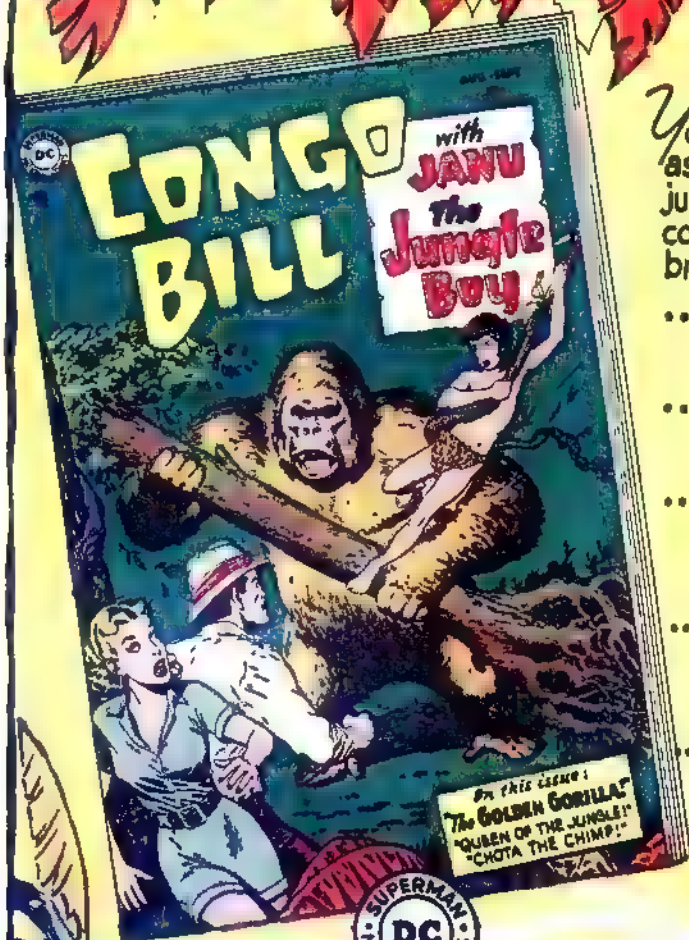
Jim smiled. "Forget it, Dave—all in a day's work!"

Join **CONGO BILL** and **JANU The Jungle Boy**

IN BRAND-NEW PERIL-PACKED ADVENTURES!

You'll thrill with them as the famed two-fisted jungle adventurer and his companion of the wilds brave --

- ... THE FIERCE FANGS OF ROARING LIONS!
- ... THE RIPPING CLAWS OF SNARLING TIGERS!
- ... THE DEADLY TUSKS OF TRAMPLING ELEPHANTS!
- ... THE SUDDEN DANGER OF TREACHEROUS QUICKSAND!
- ... AND THE MENACING GUNS OF RUTHLESS VILLAINS!



BE SURE TO GET YOUR COPY *Now* AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!





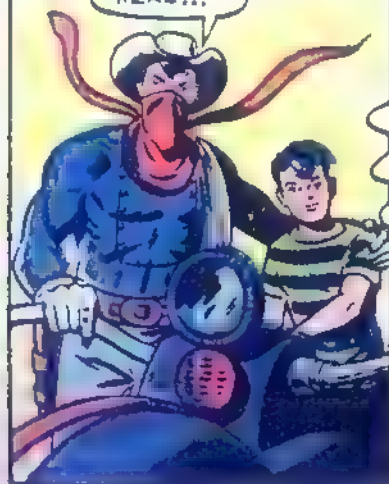
VIGILANTE

THROUGH THE SHADOWS OF A SPRAWLING CITY RACES A FAMILIAR, MASKED DEPUTY OF JUSTICE-- HIS FAMED LARIAT SINGING, HIS MOTORCYCLE ROARING DEFIANCE AT GANG- LAND! BUT IT IS NOT THE VIGILANTE! WHO IS IT? THIS BAFFLING MYSTERY LAUNCHES GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOR, INTO A BRAND-NEW ROLE AS HE ATTEMPTS TO BRING TO BAY...

The **COUNTERFEIT VIGILANTE!**



IN THE COUNTLESS CASES TACKLED BY STUFF AND ME YOU'VE ALWAYS SEEN ME OPERATE AS THE **VIGILANTE**, DRESSED AS YOU SEE ME HERE...



"OF COURSE, I PLAY ANOTHER ROLE, TOO, THAT OF GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOR..."

♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪
I MISS THE ROAMIN' ON THE PRAIRIE
WITH THE TUMBLEWEED BY MY SIDE,
I MISS THE WESTERN MOON
AND THE COYOTE'S HOWL,
ACROSS THE GREAT DIVIDE...



BUT ONE OF MY MOST UNUSUAL CASES WAS WHEN I PLAYED A **THIRD** ROLE! AND **THIS** IS THE COSTUME I USED! THIS STRANGE STORY INVOLVED **ME** CHASING THE **VIGILANTE**! LISTEN...





ACTION COMICS



"ONE DAY, JUST AS I WAS ABOUT TO APPEAR AT THE TV STUDIOS, READY TO GO ON IN MY IDENTITY AS THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR..."

WHERE IS GREG?
HE'S DUE ON IN
FIVE MINUTES!
HE'S NEVER
BEEN LATE
BEFORE!

AND WE
HAVEN'T ANY
EMERGENCY
SHOW TO FILL
IN FOR HIM!

GREG SANDERS
PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR



"AT THAT VERY MOMENT, I WAS PURSUING ONE OF THE RANKIN MOB CARS, WHICH WAS WHISKING AWAY A MURDER WITNESS..."

THERE'S THE CAR CARRYING
MATTY HALLIBURTON, THE
WITNESS! WE'VE GOT TO
SAVE HIM, STUFF! THE
RANKIN MOB WILL
KILL HIM!

WE'RE
TOO LATE!



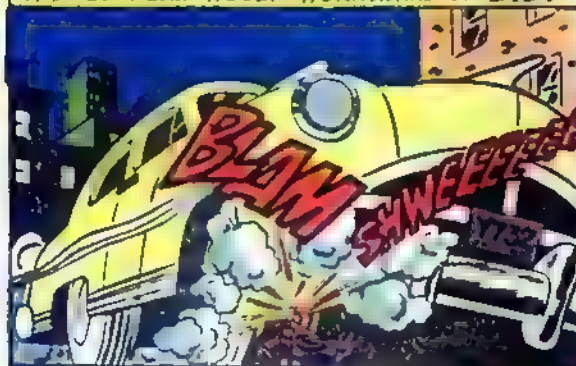
NO--NOT YET!
WE'VE STILL
GOT A CHANCE!



DON'T MIND THAT
FLAT TIRE!
KEEP GOIN'!

BUT WE'LL
CRASH!

I THREW MY SPURRED BOOT DOWN IN FRONT OF THE CAR-- A LONG SHOT CHANCE THAT A BOLD PLAN WOULD WORK...AND IT DID!"



"INSIDE
THE CAR..."



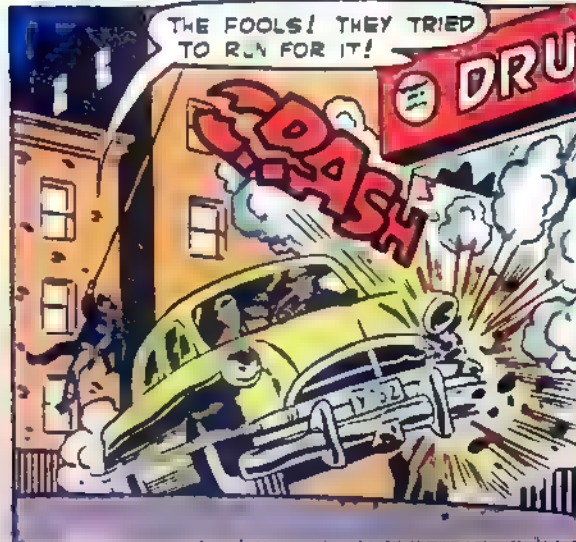
THE CAR BURST INTO FLAMES, JUST AS WE REACHED IT..."

SIRENS! THE
POLICE AND
AN AMBULANCE
ARE COMING!

THE FOOLS! THEY TRIED
TO RUN FOR IT!

DRUGS

CRASH



THE GANGSTERS ARE GETTING
AWAY-- BUT OUR JOB RIGHT NOW
IS TO SAVE HALLIBURTON! HE'S
UNCONSCIOUS--AND BADLY
HURT!





ACTION COMICS

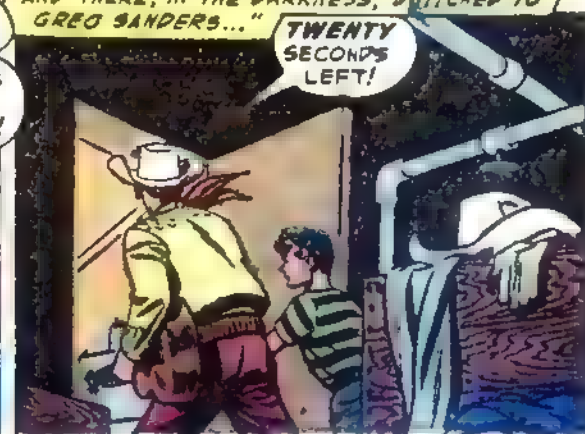


"IN SHORT MOMENTS, THE DOCTOR WAS TREATING HALLIBURTON AND OUR JOB SEEMED DONE..."



"NOTHING ELSE WE CAN DO NOW! I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE STUDIO IN ABOUT 70 SECONDS! LUCKILY--IT'S RIGHT AROUND THE BLOCK! COME ON!"

"RACING AROUND THE BLOCK, I ENTERED THE STUDIO THROUGH A BASEMENT WINDOW-- AND THERE, IN THE DARKNESS, SWITCHED TO GREG SANDERS..."



"TWENTY SECONDS LEFT!"

"I WAS IN FRONT OF THE CAMERAS JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME--AND THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR SHOW WAS ON!"

AND NOW, WE TAKE YOU TO THE WEST, OUT ON THE RANGES AND THE PRAIRIES, WITH GREG SANDERS!

AH! I KNEW IT!

I KNEW GREG WOULD MAKE IT! HE NEVER LETS YOU DOWN!



"BUT I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS OCCURRING IN THE STUDIO BASEMENT AT THAT MOMENT-- WHERE A MAN HAD STAGGERED IN..."

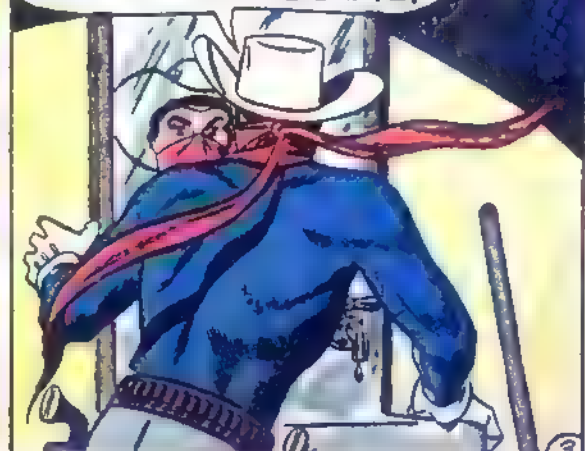


HURT--BADLY HURT...

MEMORY'S GONE... DON'T EVEN KNOW MY NAME! WHO AM I?



THE VIGILANTE! SURE--THAT'S WHO I AM... THE VIGILANTE!





ACTION COMICS



"LATER, AFTER FINISHING THE TV SHOW, WE RETURNED TO THE BASEMENT, AND..."

YOUR **VIG** COSTUME-- IT'S GONE!

HURRY! LET'S LOOK OUTSIDE!



WAIT! THERE'S GREG SANDERS-- THE PRAIRIE TROJADOUR! MAYBE HE CAN HELP US!

HMM! I WONDER WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!



MR SANDERS-- A PATIENT OF MINE WHO WAS BADLY INJURED IN AN AUTO CRASH CAME THIS WAY! DID YOU SEE HIM?

HUH? WHY, NO! **HALLIBURTON!** THE MURDER WITNESS!



YOU SEE, HE'S SUFFERING FROM AMNESIA-- LOSS OF **MEMORY!** HE HASN'T THE SLIGHTEST NOTION WHO HE IS!

HOW LONG WILL THAT CONDITION LAST?

YOU CAN'T PREDICT, EXACTLY! HOWEVER, IN HIS CASE I'M AFRAID HE'LL BE AN EASY VICTIM TO SUDDEN SHOCK--WHICH COULD PROVE FATAL! IF WE COULD ONLY FIND HIM BEFORE ANYTHING SERIOUS OCCURS!



"ALONE WITH STUFF, I THEN REALIZED WHAT HAD OCCURRED..."

HMM... IT MUST'VE BEEN **HALLIBURTON** WHO TOOK YOUR **VIG** COSTUME! HE'S WEARING IT NOW-- PROBABLY THINKING HE'S REALLY **VIGILANTE!**

COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO ACT FAST!



"I IMMEDIATELY BOUGHT MYSELF ANOTHER SUIT OF CLOTHES, A DERBY HAT, AND A MUSTACHE-- AND I DONNED THEM..."

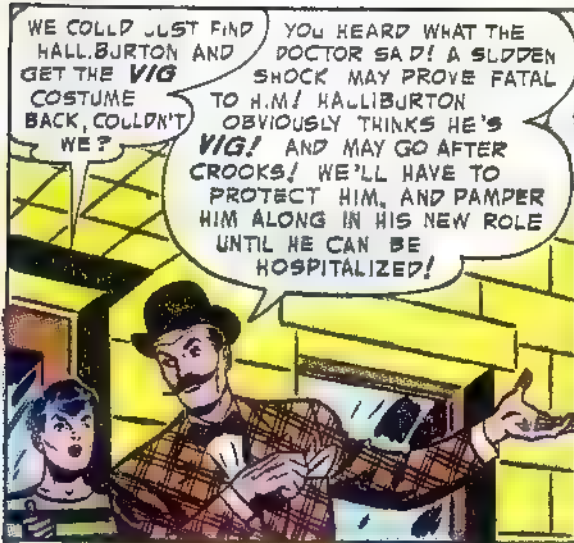
GREG SANDERS IS GONE FOR NOW! IN HIS PLACE IS NONE OTHER THAN **GEORGE SMYTHE, PRIVATE EYE!**

PRIVATE EYE? BUT **WHY?**





ACTION COMICS



"THAT NIGHT, A SEDAN DROVE SLOWLY PAST THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING..."

THE VALUABLE ART RELICS THAT ARE TO BE SHIPPED ABROAD ARE STORED IN THERE ON THE EIGHTH FLOOR! COPS ARE ON THE STREET GUARDING THE BUILDING, BUT WE'LL OUTSMART 'EM! C'MON!



"IT WAS SOME MOMENTS LATER THAT THE CROOKS WERE ATOP THE NEARBY TOWER BUILDING, PUTTING THEIR SINISTER PLAN INTO ACTION..."

HAN! GOOD IDEA! WE PUT THIS ALUMINUM EXTENSION LADDER ACROSS TO THE ROOF OF THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING-- THEN WALK OVER!



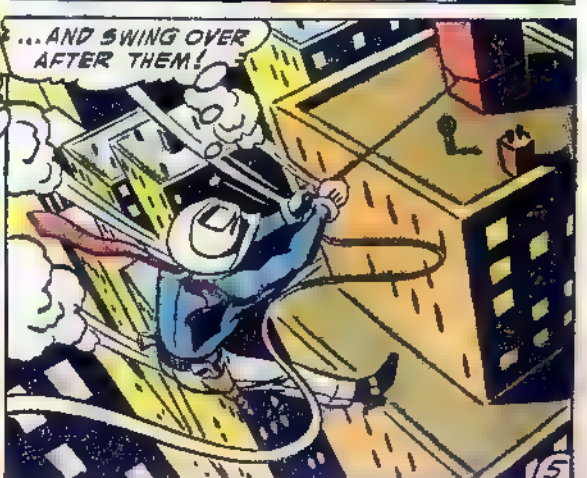
JUST AS THE CROOKS REACHED THE ROOF OF THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING, ANOTHER FIGURE APPEARED ON THE TOWER ROOF... HALLBURTON IN THE VIGILANTE'S COSTUME..."

OKAY-- WE CAN ENTER THROUGH THE FIRE EMERGENCY DOORWAY-- AND GET THOSE RELICS FROM THE NINTH FLOOR BEFORE THE DUMB COPS KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!

HARRY WILL HAVE THE MOVING VAN PARKED, WAITING FOR US! C'MON!

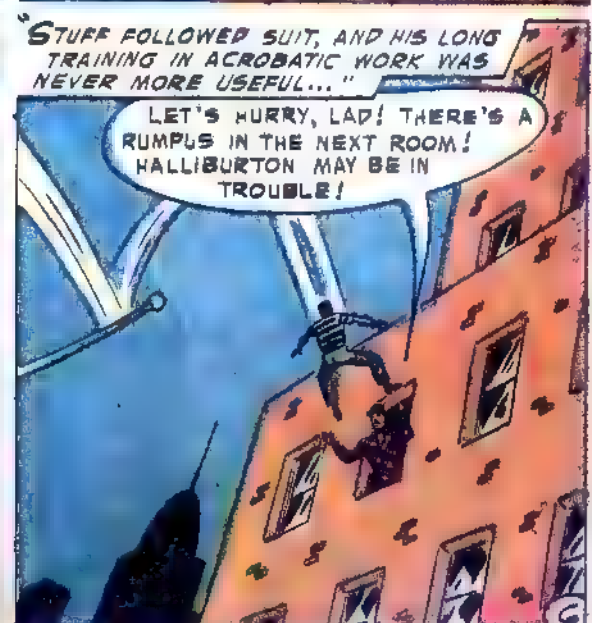
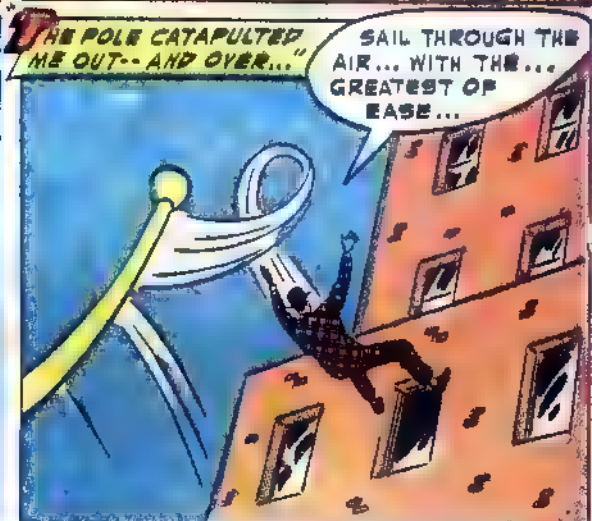
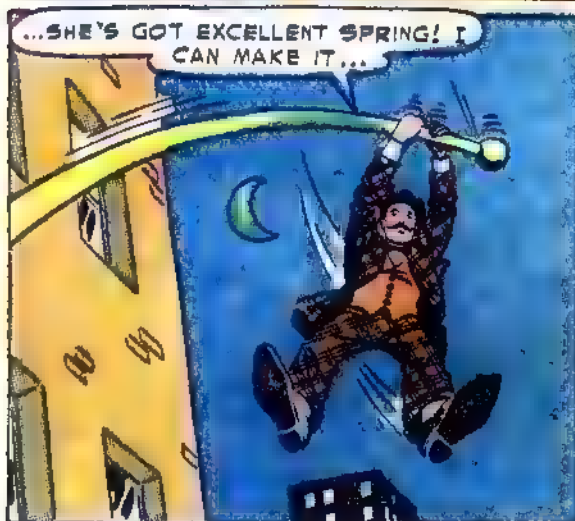
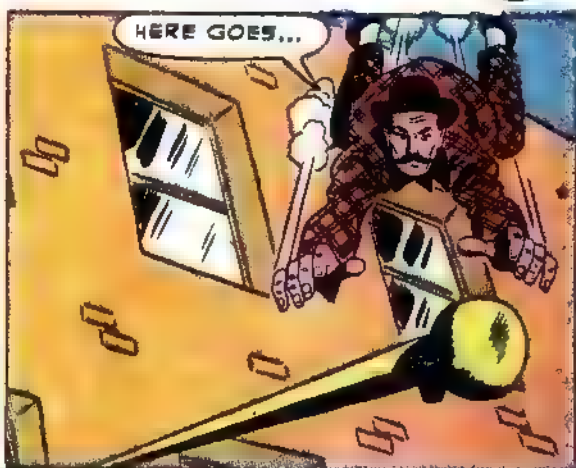
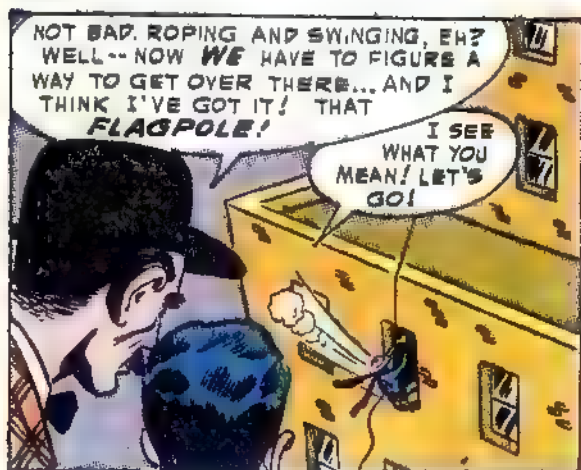


STUFF AND I HAD SEEN THE CROOKS FROM THE STREET, AND WE IMMEDIATELY RUSHED TO THE TOWER BUILDING ROOF-- WHERE WE SAW A LARIAT SNAKE OUT..."





ACTION COMICS

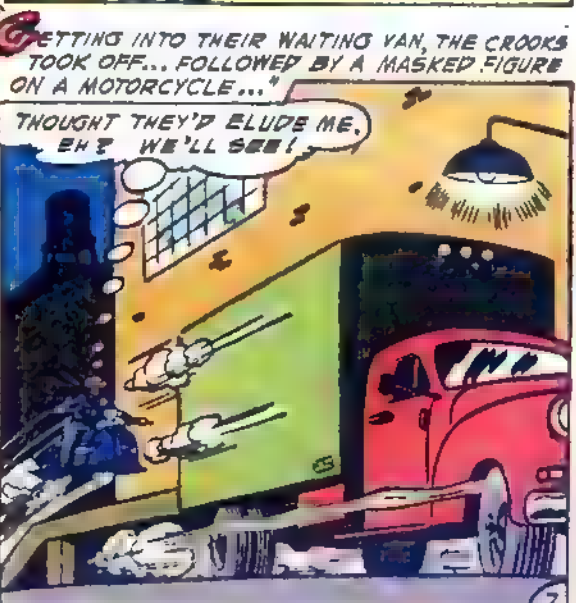
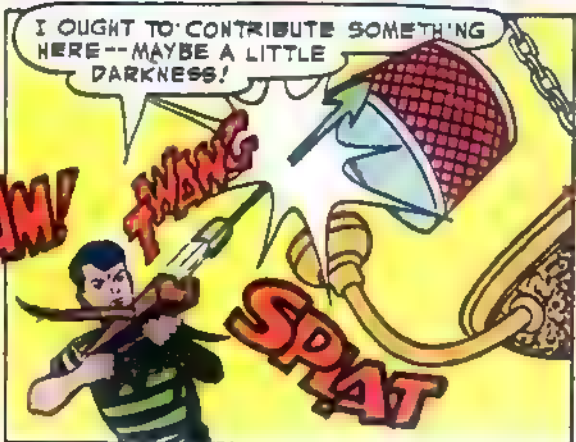
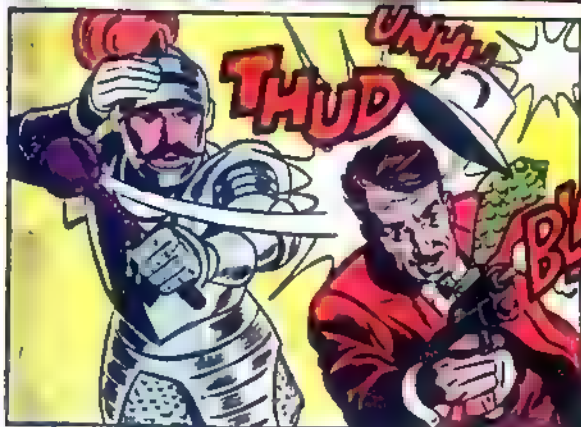
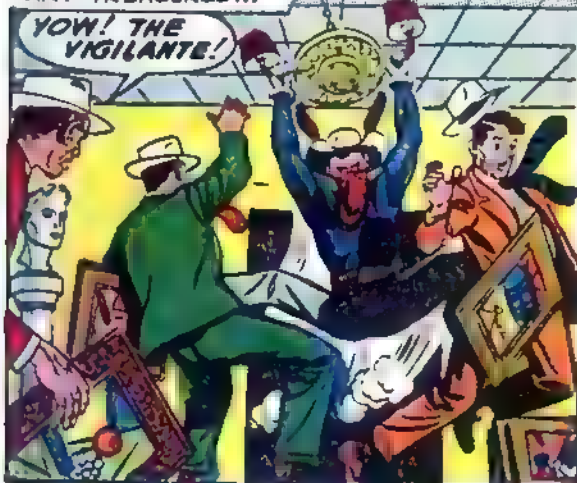




ACTION COMICS

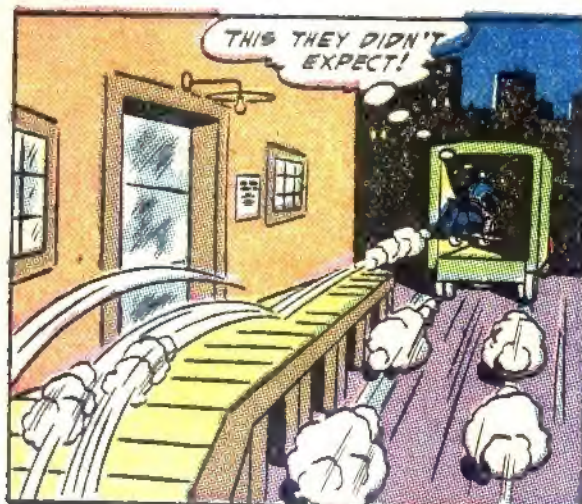


WHILE IN THE ADJOINING ROOM, WHERE THE CROOKS HAD BEGUN TO MOVE OUT THE ART TREASURES...

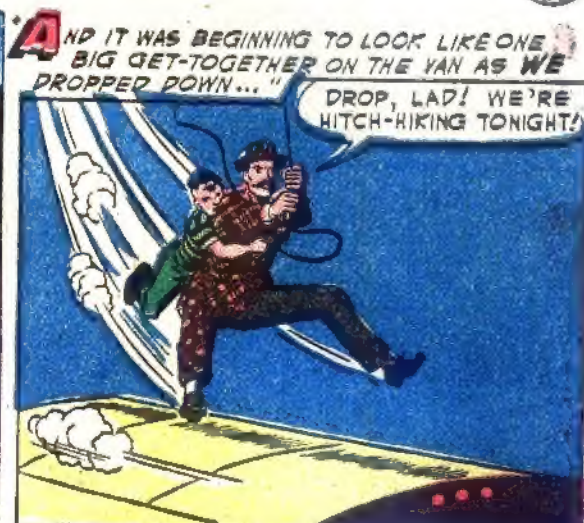




ACTION COMICS



THIS THEY DIDN'T EXPECT!



AND IT WAS BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE ONE BIG GET-TOGETHER ON THE VAN AS WE DROPPED DOWN...

DROP, LAD! WE'RE HITCH-HIKING TONIGHT!



BONK

CRASH

BAW



HERE'S AN OLDIE: HAVE YOU BOYS MET?

CLONG-G-G



THEY'RE ALL OUT--EVEN HALLIBURTON! HE WASN'T HIT! HE JUST PASSED OUT!

HE'S PROBABLY COMING TO! I'LL CHANGE CLOTHES WITH HIM-- THEN WE'LL TAKE OVER THE VAN AND GET HIM TO THE HOSPITAL!



"WELL, HALLIBURTON LIVED TO TESTIFY AGAINST RANKIN AND SMASH HIS MOB! WITH MY THIRD ROLE FINISHED, I CALLED AT THE HOSPITAL TO SEE HIM..."

HE'S AS GOOD AS NEW! BUT HE CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT IDENTITY HE ASSUMED WHILE HE HAD AMNESIA!

MAYBE IT'S BEST HE DOESN'T KNOW! AFTER ALL, THAT MIGHT BE A REAL SHOCK!



Now, GET ALL THESE
Buddy 5 PICTURE PACKED
YOU COURSES

FREE If you
mail
coupon NOW
as I did!

HOW in 10 Minutes of Fun a Day

YOU Can Become AN AMAZING NEW 3-D HE-MAN

Like
We
Did



May be
LAST CHANCE
before \$1
price goes
back!

Cleveland
BEFORE

NOW

JIM NORMAN
before
NOW
I gained
1000% in
HE-MAN LOOKS
POPULARITY and
STRENGTH

I gained
**70 lbs. of
MIGHTY MUSCLE**
Won a **BIG SILVER TROPHY**
and made the football team.
I was a 90 lb. Skeleton before,
says Cleveland.

I changed myself from
this **ANEMIC SHRIMP**
to this **MUSCULAR HE-MAN**

I added 6 inches
to each **ARM**
10 inches to my **CHEST**
says Ken Grimm.

I GAINED
53 lbs.
OF SHAPELY
POWER-

**PACKED
MUSCLES**

I Was a
Skinny, Scared,
Girl-Shy
Skeleton.
Now My
Body is
the Best
in the
Neighborhood. Pal
—Do as I
Did—Mail
The Coupon
Below.

AFTER
R. HIRSCH
BEFORE

**NOW—YOU MAIL
COUPON and GET
ALL 5 COURSES**

FREE

Millions were
sold at \$1.
**PLUS BIG
PHOTO BOOK
of
STRONG MEN**
which also tells
how to
**WIN TROPHY
and \$100!**

LOOK
at ME and
MY PALS!

What a
Pitiful lot of
SKINNY

WRECKS like YOU
We were **BEFORE**
We mailed coupon!

Yes, PAL—**NOW**
YOU MAIL THE
COUPON
BELOW

and Get a **NEW
HE-MAN BODY**
for Your **OLD
SKELETON FRAME!**

**YOU CAN WIN
\$100.00**

**AND A BIG 15"
TALL SILVER CUP**

LIKE WE
DID!



NO! Friend
you don't
have to be **SKINNY,
WEAK or FLABBY** any
more—just mail the
FREE coupon below as I
did! But **DO IT NOW**—
This may be YOUR LAST
CHANCE!

LAST CHANCE—ALL FREE COUPON

FIVE COURSES J. MUSCLE METER
PHOTO BOOK OF STRONG MEN

Dept. MC-48
Tell Me How To
WIN \$100, etc.

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a
Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build
a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One
Volume "How to Become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10c
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s)

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

MAIL NOW! SAVES YOU YEARS and DOLLARS!

MAIL COUPON IN TIME FOR **FREE** OFFER AND PRIZES!

Need Extra Spending Money?

HERE'S \$50
TO USE AS YOU PLEASE!

It's Fun to
Earn Money
the Easy
Stuart Way!

Take Easy Orders For STUART CHRISTMAS CARDS

Why not get all those things your heart is set on with money you earn by yourself! You can do it quickly and easily in your spare time! All you do is show our gorgeous greeting card samples for Christmas, birthdays and other year 'round occasions. We send you the samples on approval. Friends, neighbors, relatives, almost *everybody* buys on sight. You make sensational cash profits—fast!

YOU NEED NO EXPERIENCE TO EARN!

Exciting new 21-Card Christmas Assortment at \$1 is a bargain that sells itself. Yet you keep up to 50¢ of each \$1 as your quick, cash profit. Sell 100 boxes to folks you know and \$50 is yours! Low-priced Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards, All-Occasion Assortments, Stationery and many other fast-sellers make still more money for you!

GET SAMPLES ON FREE TRIAL!

Send no money! We'll send you saleable sample assortments on approval for FREE TRIAL. Act fast and we'll also include Samples of Personalized money-makers FREE. Just fill out and mail coupon.

You, Too, Can
Make Money For The
Things You
Really
Want!

It's Easy To Make Money... Look At These Exceptional Earning Records

M.W.C., Geneva, Nebr., made \$64.00
K.C., Marion, Ind., made \$52.00
J.D., Milwaukee, Wis., made \$108.00
S.R., Chicago, Ill., made \$147.00
R.B., Medway, Mass., made \$59.00
D.S., Boulder, Colo., made \$55.00
D.B., Holland, Mich., made \$50.00
W.A., Goodland, Ind., made \$59.00

CLUB MEMBERS!

Your organization can earn hundreds of dollars with the easy, proven STUART fund-raising plan. Send coupon for full details.

**MAIL
COUPON
NOW**

STUART GREETINGS, INC., Dept. 112
4436-38 N. Clark Street, Chicago 40, Illinois

YES! I want to earn extra spending money. Please send details with Assortments on approval and Personalized Samples FREE.

Name.....

Address.....

City & Zone.....State.....

If for a club, give its name above.

STUART GREETINGS, INC.

4436-38 N. Clark St., Dept. 112, Chicago 40, Ill.

Boys! Girls! HURRY! HURRY! ENTER THIS BIG Tootsie Roll CONTEST

You can win one of these valuable prizes
Mail your entries today

TOOTSIE FUDGE...
creamy... smooth
... just melts in
your mouth! ...
only 8c.



Tootsie Roll

Will not melt in hot weather
Tasty, Chocolatey, Chewy, long lasting
and still only 5c

TOOTSIE POP
Delicious hard candy
on the outside with a
chewy TOOTSIE ROLL
center. Two toots for
the price of one and
only 2c.



**132
PRIZES**

TOOTSIE CARAMEL
... milky ... chewy
... just delicious!
... just 8c.



24 ROADMASTER BICYCLES

Beautifully finished... spray
bonded, anti-rust baked-on-
enamel... smartest to own,
safest to ride. Patented side
bumpers keep finish looking
like new for years.

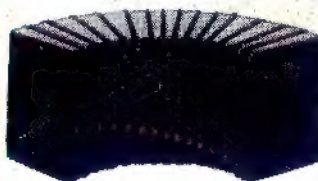
Be sure to FOLLOW these RULES!

... Tell us WHY YOU LIKE... TOOTSIE ROLLS...
TOOTSIE POPS... or any of these TOOTSIE candies.
Print or write CLEARLY—your name, address, city or
town, state—AND GIVE YOUR AGE. ... Every entry
must be accompanied with 5 wrappers from one of
the TOOTSIE CANDIES shown above. Address: TOOTSIE
ROLLS CONTEST, Box 1414, New York 1, N. Y. ...
Contest open to boys and girls up to and including
16 years of age, living in Continental United States
and in compliance with State Laws. In order that
Every child may have an equal chance to win a prize,
entries will be judged in age groups—so BE SURE TO
STATE YOUR AGE. Company and advertising agency
employees and their families not eligible. ... En-
tries will be judged for originality and sincerity. In
case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Decision
of judges is final; all entries become the property of
The Sweets Company of America, Inc. No entries can
be returned. Winner will be notified by mail. ...
Contest starts June 1, 1954 and CLOSES September
30, 1954 so hurry—get your entry in the mail now!

HURRY! MAIL YOUR ENTRY TODAY...

Read the rules carefully and follow them. Be sure you
state your age—and enclose FIVE WRAPPERS from
any of the TOOTSIE CANDIES shown above in this ad.
Mail your entry now!

CONTEST CLOSES September 30, 1954



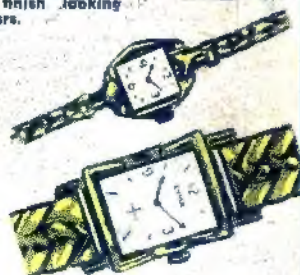
24 Sets, BRITANNICA JUNIOR

The 15-volume home library for
children, published by "The En-
cyclopedia Britannica."



24 GYM-DANDY PLAYGROUND SETS... 11 PLAYS

Famous Two-place SKY
SKOOTER Pumper, swings, steel
ladder, trapeze, see-saw, act-
ing bars and gym rings. Color-
ful, sturdy, beautiful.



24 CYMA WATCHES

Beautiful gold wrist watches
with expansion band—BOYS-
GIRLS, created by CYMA, the
Honor Award Watch.



36 THUNDERBOLT HOOK-AND- LADDER TRUCKS

With Fire Fighter, Chain Drive
with Safety guard. Big rubber
tires, Plated Bells, Ball-Bearing
wheels. Two ladders. One piece,
smooth edge body. Red and
white baked enamels.